

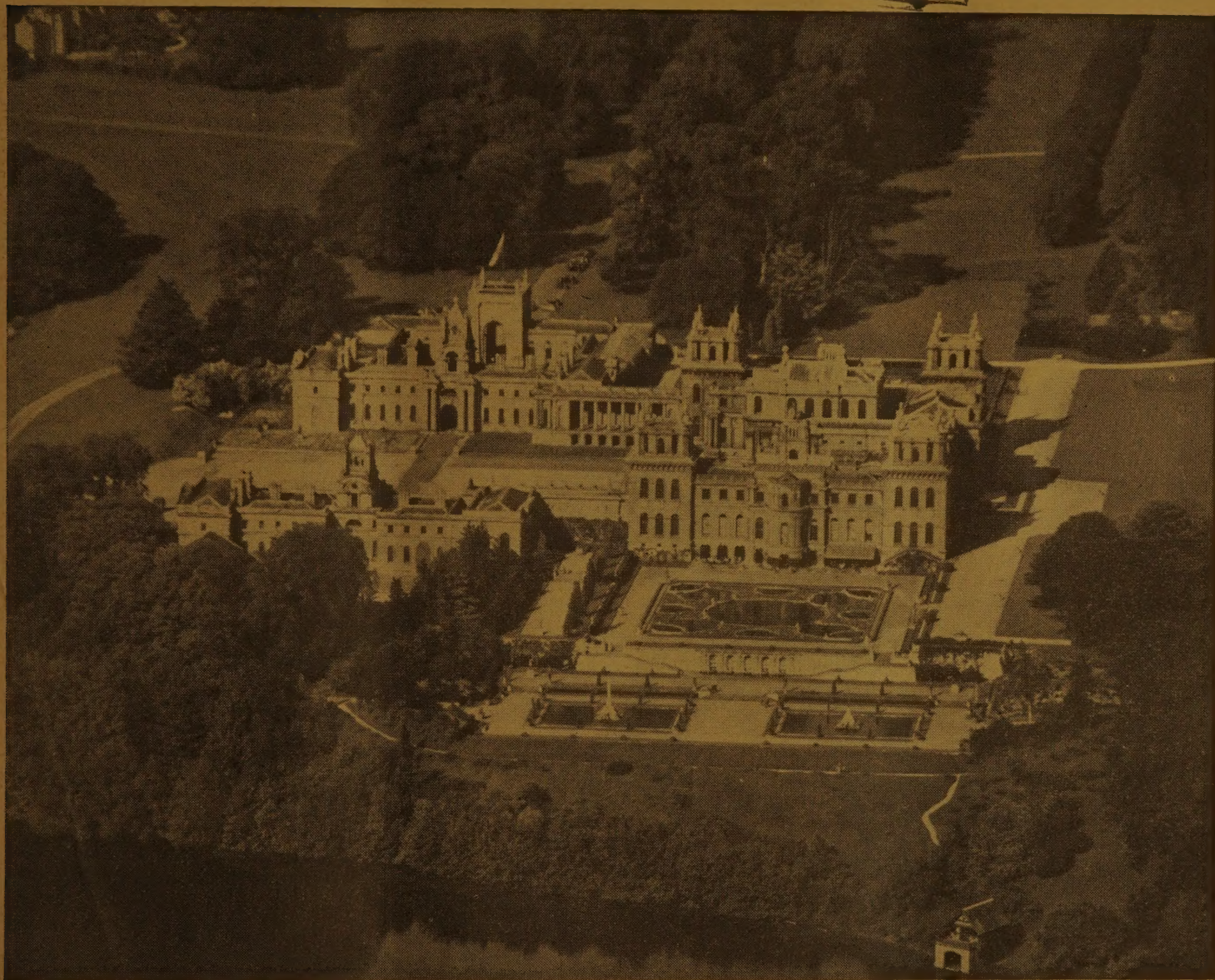
The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

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THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1960

15c



Blenheim Palace from the air. David Green discusses Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, on page 1011

Interpreting Science to Non-Scientists

A discussion between B. C. Brookes, Gerd Buchdahl, and John Maddox

Federation on the Defensive

By Margery Perham

Sir Roy Welensky: Face to Face

An interview with John Freeman

The Arts in Australia

By Max Harris

Music in Moscow Today

By Arthur Jacobs

Will his son get a job?



Once, generally speaking, the state of the donkey labour market was as wholesome as the little face on our left. Cars and lorries had replaced horses. But nothing could jog a bride to her wedding more gaily, a notary public to court more sedately, fresh flowers to market more nimbly than a donkey.

Nothing, that is, until the two-stroke spluttered to life. Today, more and more scooters, small vans and bubble-cars are bouncing over the cobbles of this world, doing its donkey-work faster and farther afield, without tantrums, carrot or stick. (By the way, those hard-working two-stroke engines need special oil and fuel mixture. We keep them running sweet and true with Shell 2T.)

Since the second world war, the two-stroke has brought about a social revolution. For that we raise our hats to it, salute it, admire it — but heave a sigh for the next donkey generation, whose prospects are shrinking fast.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



The Listener

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Federation in Africa on the Defensive

By MARGERY PERHAM

NINETEEN-SIXTY: Africa's year! Certainly the Africans' year, with independence movements finding fulfilment over wide areas. Yet these meet a check in five regions where they run into another kind of independence, that of rooted European settlement—South Africa, where the first weak African challenge has been beaten down for the moment; Portugal's colonies, held in firm and covert grip; Algeria, where a bloody stalemate drags on; Kenya, though, as this year has shown, the colonists have not been strong enough to hold out; and central Africa. Here, in the Federation, the issue hangs in the balance. When it comes before a conference later this year, Britain's judgment may well be decisive.

The British citizen will find some guidance in a new book, *A New Deal in Central Africa**. Three students of politics have written most of it: Colin Leys of Balliol College; Professor Cranford Pratt, a Canadian; and Dr. Bernard Chidzero, a Rhodesian African, with a MacGill doctorate and now working in my own college at Oxford, Nuffield College; and an American economist, Professor Barber, who also studied his subject from Nuffield. None of these writers pursued his research only under the dreaming spires: they all extended them to Africa itself.

This complicated region is four times the size of the United Kingdom. It contains three territories, the European-dominated colony of Southern Rhodesia, all but independent before Federation; the Protectorate of Northern Rhodesia with its rich copper-mines: still further north, the other Protectorate, the small, beautiful Nyasaland—Africa's Scotland—which exports some of its overcrowded African population to the two more developed states. Thus we have three territorial governments, all different in shape, two still partly under the Colonial Office, and also a Federal Government; and a population of between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 Africans and about 300,000 Europeans—about twenty-five to one.

The book first analyses the Federation's record; how the Africans' first constitutional safeguards were whittled down: how

the complicated franchises and methods of representation, especially in Southern Rhodesia and on the Federal plane, ensure a very limited minority representation for the African majority and give them little hope of ever correcting the balance. The vague promise of racial 'partnership' has produced only meagre results, though enough to distinguish it definitely from *apartheid*. The writers then measure the growth of police forces and of security measures to contain the increasing African discontent which led up to the tragic emergency in Nyasaland. It is therefore with surprise that one reaches their main conclusion, that, for a transitional period, there should be at least an equal number of African and European voters on the roll. How, in the complicated racial distribution of central Africa, could this difficult equilibrium be introduced or maintained? Did the authors shrink from prescribing the severe surgical operation to which their own grave diagnosis pointed? Could a temporary course of electoral parity achieve a cure? I commend their well-marshalled evidence and also their advice that the British presence in the Protectorate should be firmly maintained. But I cannot agree with their main conclusion. Before I offer my own I would like to put the Federation in its wider setting.

Its success must surely be judged by its purposes. There were two parties to the 1953 settlement, the British Government and the local colonists—especially those of Southern Rhodesia. (I call them colonists merely to distinguish them from the Africans and the temporary official and other residents.) By 1953 they were beginning to feel themselves a very small minority in a very big Africa, squeezed between opposing pressures from south and north. From the south, the Union's Nationalist Party was pushing its *apartheid* policy to dangerous extremes; and also, a more intimate threat, throwing overboard the remaining British influences and steering towards a republic. The colonists had voted against incorporation with their large uncongenial neighbour in 1923 and had no mind for it in 1953.

From the north the colonists were feeling a very different

pressure, following what they regarded as Britain's weak surrenders to African nationalism. If this process engulfed the two northern Protectorates, the Southern Rhodesian colonists might have to make a desperate choice between surrender either to African or to Afrikaner nationalism. There was one way out—to throw the three territories together and make a large state under civilized, that is white, control.

Africans' Sheet-anchor

Why did British governments, Labour and then Conservative, entertain this plan? If, they calculated, Southern Rhodesia were dragged into the Union's orbit, then Northern Rhodesia, with its many Afrikaner miners, would almost certainly go the same way and Nyasaland might follow. British influence might thus be edged out of all southern Africa. There was the more altruistic fear that the Protectorate Africans might lose the impartial British administration with its open end towards African self-government. And so a bargain, partly unspoken, was struck between Britain and the colonists. The colonists should have their federation if they would treat the Africans increasingly as partners. The Protectorates would retain their Protectorate status. Two different purposes and two conflicting loyalties were thus built into the Federation: purposes, because most British opinion wanted the maximum of African advance and most colonist opinion wanted a great deal less than that; loyalties, because the Protectorate Africans and their officials still, as Sir Roy Welensky complains, look over their shoulders to Whitehall. For Britain has written into the preamble—and this is our pledge and the Africans' sheet-anchor—that the Protectorates shall 'enjoy separate governments for so long as their respective peoples so desire'. But in the silent tug-of-war between British and colonist opinion the colonists have been inching their way to victory.

Of course they have. They were the stronger party. They were on the spot. Britain was far away, her ministers distracted and undecided. I have met Lord Malvern, Sir Roy Welensky, Sir Edgar Whitehead, and others. They are not the tyrannical ogres painted by some of their critics, but men who have inherited a dangerous position in a dangerous continent.

They rest their case first on history. It is only some sixty years ago that the pioneers came to one of the least civilized parts of Africa; marked out boundaries; imposed peace on warring tribes; built railways, roads, and cities; brought modern agriculture and industry. They have now built the mighty Kariba dam. All this they have done themselves, following where Cecil Rhodes led, coming up from the south, and owing little to Britain except their blood. Nor was their work all material. They brought British ideas—parliamentary government, the rule of law, the mercy of twentieth-century medicine. As well as mines and factories they have built churches, theatres, schools, and a university. In all this, they claim, the Africans have had their share. Life in the bush, with its little huts, its scratchy cultivation, its witchcraft, still goes on. But millions of Africans have now been apprenticed to civilization. They earn good money, good housing and amenities in the mines and elsewhere.

The Colonists' Case

In this economic argument lay the main case for federation, and here the colonists claim its greatest justification. Has it not given poor Nyasaland £4,000,000 extra revenue a year? True. But Professor Barber and two Oxford economists, Hazlewood and Henderson, in an important new study*, have probed the Federation's economics to show that their lesson is not 100 per cent. clear. Its rate of growth must not be seen in isolation from that before 1953 or that of other territories since 1953. And how far has the economy been managed to favour Southern Rhodesia? What has Nyasaland lost in tariffs on imports used by Africans to offset her revenue gain? The case may well go in favour of the Federation, but perhaps not so far as the loud assumptions. And as Hazlewood and Henderson insist, far too little serious analysis has gone into this vital economic aspect.

Even so, the colonists' case is strong. Especially when put to you *in situ*, with the skyscrapers of Salisbury rising like a great cliff, the charming European villas spreading round them into the great African emptiness, the giant activity of the copper mines, and the pylons marching through the virgin bush. All this was willed

by the few thousand Europeans, built by them, and is maintained by them. The Africans supplied the unskilled labour, but there is hardly an African in the region who can yet contribute anything except as a semi-skilled assistant on a European installation. The colonists offer to share their civilization progressively with the Africans. But, they say, majority rule would mean the end of civilization. They stand by their Founder's aphorism: 'Equal rights for all civilized men', and they will define civilization. It is easy enough for Britain to walk out of her African colonies. Her officials can pack their bags and haul down the Union Jack. But for the colonists Africa is home. They have nowhere else to go and they mean to stay.

Now, the other side of the case. I have spoken of a bargain between two sides, Britain and the colonists. But why not between three? Because in 1953 the 7,000,000 Africans had not the political experience to express their opposition as a third party. When it was first canvassed I publicly opposed federation as ultimately unworkable because unjust. Britain had a treaty only with the Barotse tribe. But to rule a people for sixty or seventy years is surely to develop a moral contract with them not to hand them over to another government against their will. They certainly feel this. Nyasaland Africans would say to me almost with tears: 'Why have you thrown us away? What have we done—were we not loyal to Britain? Now you have destroyed our loyalty'.

Why do the Africans reject federation? Nationalism? They are not yet a nation, but 7,000,000 individuals who have come to feel—or can quickly be made to feel—their subjection as a personal and increasing indignity for which the freedom and dignity of self-government is the only relief. Since 1953 the winds of change have blown the sparks into flames which burst out in Nyasaland. And the wind continues to rise. The Belgian Congo and Tanganyika, their nearest neighbours, have just been promised independence, neighbours whose boundaries in some parts actually divide their tribes. How convince Africans that some members of the same tribe are fit for freedom and the others unfit?

Approach of the British Citizen

How should an open-minded British citizen approach this problem? His political principles—1832 and all that—will instruct him that it is not right for minorities to rule majorities; though practical common sense may persuade him that African unreadiness demands a moratorium on democratic principles—at least for a period. But, on purely hard practical grounds, can federation, as at present constructed, hope to succeed?

I must now state my own belief—and it is not easy to say this—that it cannot. We have been warned, on the highest of all authority, that no man should begin to build a tower which he is not able to finish. To the colonists even to doubt they will command success must seem treacherous or cowardly. And we British, nourished in peaceful compromise at home, can hardly bring ourselves to admit that abroad we have often been forced to give to violence what we have long refused to persuasion. Must we again wait until it is too late, or almost too late? Remember the American colonies, Ireland, India, Palestine, Kenya, and then pause upon contemporary Cyprus. Hateful to face this record? But it is no secret from the Africans. Not long ago I was in Africa urging a group of dissident leaders—not in central Africa—on no account to resort to unconstitutional or violent means. 'But', they retorted, 'that is just what we want now—a nice little bit of bloodshed and then Britain will send a Commission of Inquiry and we shall get all we want!' Certainly violence is not always spontaneous. It may be the work of a small minority. But is there a majority against it? The colonists complain of intimidation. True! It is widespread in Africa and often brutal. Africans resort to it because they dare not see their one great advantage, the solidarity of their numbers, broken by the subtraction of groups or individuals. Again, the colonists' gradualist plans—how dearly we should all like to believe them possible!—depend upon attaching the rising African élite one by one to their minority. The Africans reject and persecute the 'co-operators' because this process means skimming off their still scanty leadership as it comes to the surface.

This is all repellent to us. But when Sir Roy Welensky so often

* *Nyasaland: the Economics of Federation*. Blackwell, 10s. 6d.

asserts that Africans are primitive, inexperienced, and the rest, the temptation is to reply with the expressive current query 'So what?' Such as they are he must deal with them, and so must we. And is there not a sense in which Africans are innocent? What they are today is largely what we have made them by our unavoidably sudden and shattering intrusion into their tribal isolation.

And is not Britain's attitude to their problems another of the conditions within which the colonists must find their solution? For, in defence of Britain, her surrenders to violence were due less to military incapacity than to the realization that prolonged subversion must spring from deep-seated political causes. And to such promptings Britain grows more, not less, responsive. The Devlin Report, even the more recent Southworth Commission, reveal the growing sensitivity of Britain's conscience. As John Plamenatz has said in his recent book *On Alien Rule and Self-Government**, when the rulers begin to doubt the moral validity of their rule and the subjects absorb this new doubt, the game is up—though he uses more academic words than these! And—more inescapable conditions—behind Britain stands a multi-racial Commonwealth, just seen in action for the first time; and an Africa on the edge of widespread liberation; and behind Africa a world which, for reasons honest and rather less than honest, condemns the rule of Europe over coloured races.

Put baldly, then, could the colonists in their policy of Federal independence and European domination go it alone? They might do so for a long time in Southern Rhodesia, which in any case Britain no longer controls. But if the attempt to enforce the Federation upon the northern Africans is going to lead to prolonged strife, more police, increasing repression and then most

probably end in failure and bitterness, would it not be the lesser evil to begin to come to terms now with the Africans' proto-nationalism, raw and emotional as it is?

I believe, then, that the African leaders—and there are some I know and respect—should be taken into full and equal consultation at the coming conference with no possibilities barred, the Protectorates offered a phased advance to majority rule, and then, if they demand secession, this must be granted: but on the understanding, which I believe they might accept, that, following secession, they would of their own volition enter into a looser association, planned to give them as many as possible of the economic and other benefits of federation. (The Central African Council which preceded federation died of inanition or strangulation largely because its parents were more interested in bringing Federation to birth.) If it were possible the copper mines should be put under a consortium of the companies and the new common authority to preserve efficiency and to continue the use of the taxation of the mines for the benefit of the whole region, or perhaps of a union of the two Protectorates.

It is only upon some such lines, I believe, that some peace and progress may be insured for Central Africa, not easily but with time and with trouble. The dismantling of federation would be a bitter blow to the colonists' hopes, but it would rejoice the hearts and release the energies and skill of the great majority of the African millions from frustrating political and economic controls. Out of the ruins of an enforced Federation a new and free association of the territories and the races might be slowly built. In this the Europeans would still have an immense part to play. They might even have a larger and a longer part than they would in any scheme built upon the present Federation.

—Third Programme

* Reviewed on page 1024

Face to Face

Sir Roy Welensky on his Life and Beliefs

An interview with JOHN FREEMAN in B.B.C. television

John Freeman: Sir Roy, I suppose you have as many political enemies as you have friends, but there are few of them who would deny that, by any reckoning and in any company, you are a big man and a man of destiny in Africa. I thought it would be interesting, therefore, to concentrate on what you are rather than on the details of what you are doing. So tell me what are your origins? Who were your parents?

Sir Roy Welensky: My father was an American citizen when he arrived in Africa, and he had migrated from Europe. He originally came from somewhere near Vilna in Russian Poland—as it was known in his day. He migrated after the Franco-Prussian war of 1871 to the United States and spent some ten years there; heard about the diamonds that were being picked up in the streets of Kimberley, and decided that he would set sail for Africa. He arrived at the end of 1880, but he did not go in for diamonds; he bought ostrich feathers, and made quite a lot of money for a start. He was a wanderer; he met my mother, who was South African Dutch, married her—she was a girl of seventeen, he was a man of thirty-seven, or nearer forty, possibly—and had a large family. I am the thirteenth of a family of fourteen. My father trekked all round Africa, and eventually walked up to the Rhodesias, to Bulawayo, which was the centre then of European civilization, as one might call it, in Southern Rhodesia, in about 1895, and did what most people did in those days—looked for gold and traded. My mother

travelled up with five small children in an ox-wagon, a few months later, and the family spent almost the rest of their lives in Southern Rhodesia.

Freeman: Were you yourself born in Rhodesia?

Welensky: I was born in Salisbury, in Southern Rhodesia.

Freeman: And did your father keep the money he made out of ostrich feathers?

Welensky: No, he lost it. For the whole of my youth he was always extremely poor.

Freeman: Was he a feckless character, or do you think he genuinely had bad luck?

Welensky: I think he had bad luck; but he was an adventurer, and he was always chasing rainbows, and always saw something better a little bit further on.

Freeman: Did you have any consciousness of that quality in him when you were a child? Did you ever criticize him?

Welensky: I don't think I would have ever criticized; I often wondered why we were always so poverty-stricken, but I do not believe my thinking ever went beyond that.

Freeman: Did you ever resent being poverty-stricken?

Welensky: No; and I remember that when I used to see other kids getting toys and enjoying many of the benefits that go to people who have money I often used to wonder why; but I do not think I was ever critical or resentful of it.

Freeman: Was your mother critical of it?

Welensky: Yes: I think my mother



Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, being interviewed by John Freeman in the B.B.C. television programme on May 29

did not like the events at times; and it is not surprising, because my father occasionally used to indulge in a bout of enjoying the wine of life, and he used to cause some embarrassment to her.

Freeman: Your father was a Jew, wasn't he? Was he conscious of this? Was he a practising Jew?

Welensky: Towards the latter end of his life, yes, but in his younger days, no. Towards the evening of his life he remembered it and became very religious, but earlier on he didn't worry much about it.

Freeman: Your mother, as an Afrikaner, presumably was not?

Welensky: No. My mother actually changed her faith; she became a Jewess—which I understand was permissible in those days—but eventually turned back to her own faith before she died.

Freeman: Were you in any way brought up Jewish?

Welensky: No, I was brought up with very little faith. I always professed to be a Jew because my father was a Jew, but I did not receive any training in the Jewish church, or anything like that. As a matter of fact they would not recognize me for a long time.

Early Years

Freeman: I wonder if you would try now to create in your mind an actual picture of your childhood.

Welensky: When I look back on my own youth I remember that I always felt I wanted to *do* something; I wanted to get away from what I was; and I think it was this that really made me turn to boxing which was my first love. I felt that without the other advantages, if a man had the courage and the strength, boxing gave him the opportunity to get somewhere.

Freeman: I think that at about the time you grew up your father was running—I hope this isn't rude—but what could almost be called a doss-house, in Salisbury. Tell me about that.

Welensky: I think to call it a doss-house is giving it a status that perhaps it did not enjoy—but he used to provide rooms. I wandered off—I was about fourteen or fifteen then—round the mining camps, and I worked in stores; I worked in a butcher's; I assisted a baker; I worked as a barman. I wandered round doing anything, and I got the feeling that I would like something a little more permanent and that would give me a bit more money. The railways appealed to me. I applied for a job as a fireman and got it. I weighed 280 pounds when I took it, and during the first twelve months I lost eighty pounds. That will give you an idea it was fairly hard work!

Freeman: What sort of schooling did you have?

Welensky: I think I passed into standard five and that was as far as I got. I started work the year I turned fourteen.

Freeman: As a matter of interest, supposing you were trying to qualify now for a vote in the Federation—would this be considered a suitable educational background?

Welensky: It would not in certain circumstances, but fortunately in the Federation there are several qualifications, either financial or educational, and I qualify under the financial.

Freeman: But if you were 'skint', you wouldn't be able to get in?

Welensky: That is probably true.

Freeman: Did you ever find yourself, paradoxical though it may seem, at a disadvantage in negotiating with some of the highly educated African leaders, such as Hastings Banda?

Welensky: No. I have not done much negotiating with Dr. Banda. I have known him and met him here in London in days gone by, but I have not found myself handicapped in negotiating with anyone up to now.

Freeman: Did you in childhood have any intimation of political struggle afterwards?

Welensky: Not the slightest. I was not interested.

Freeman: When you went on the railways did you immediately become an active trade unionist?

Welensky: Yes; and I think it was my trade-union activities that eventually brought me into politics.

Freeman: Why did you get into trade-union activities?

Welensky: Because I think I was probably always a bit of a rebel and never liked authority, and I always felt that it was to the men's advantage to stand together. After all, it is one of the fundamental things you learn, that you stick together. I began to take an interest in the trade union, got involved in a strike in

1929, and played a fairly important part in it—though I was much younger than most of the men. I felt that we got a raw deal over the strike, which left me with a considerable feeling of resentment and certainly did not dampen down my desire to see the trade-union movement grow. I did my best to help it grow.

Freeman: Was this a strike over wages? Was there unemployment at all among the white population at that time?

Welensky: Yes, it was a strike about wages: About the time I started in the railways things were bad in Southern Rhodesia.

Freeman: So that the notion that you sometimes encounter in the Southern States of America of the 'poor white' is relevant to your problem?

Welensky: In those days there were many people in Southern Rhodesia who were very hard up. It was a different world. People have a conscience today which they did not enjoy in the early 'twenties.

Freeman: Your union at that time was entirely a white union?

Welensky: I think you could say almost entirely a white union. It accepted coloureds though it did not accept Africans. The law did not permit it.

Freeman: Why was it only a white union?

Welensky: I think in those days there was a very different outlook, and the black man was far removed from the creature that he is today. I don't think it ever entered anyone's mind that Africans should be in the union. In any case it was against the law; I do not believe you could organize Africans into trade unions.

Freeman: Is it true that you yourself at that time—I am not saying you are now, but at that time—were keenly in favour of keeping the unions reserved for white people?

Welensky: Yes, I think most white men were; that is a hard fact.

Freeman: Did the Africans do any of the same jobs you did?

Welensky: They were not doing anything like the same jobs, certainly not.

Freeman: No locomotive crews? They were doing entirely unskilled and menial tasks? When did that begin to change?

Lower Rates of Pay

Welensky: It is as you say; but it began to change after the depression of 1929 and the early 'thirties. Many of the jobs such as lorry driving and things like that, which had been almost purely European jobs at £1 a day, began to pass over to the African—at, I might tell you, a very much lower rate of pay. It was this the trade unionists resented.

Freeman: Looking back, would it not have been better at that time if you had concentrated on getting a rate for the job, regardless of race, rather than reserving the jobs for whites?

Welensky: It is all very well to have hindsight now, but that was a long time ago and circumstances were very different. At that time it was not a problem; it just did not arise. The African did not worry about it, and was happy and satisfied with the existing state of affairs. That has all changed, and the world is a different one today.

Freeman: I am not denying that change at all; but none the less; to get the picture of your development, would it be true to say that at that time you were in favour of meeting Rhodesia's needs for development by encouraging any amount of white immigration but keeping Africans out of the skilled jobs?

Welensky: The African did not really come into it in those days; he was not a competitor. There were no opportunities, he was uneducated, he was not trained. I do not think that really was the problem at that time. We wanted—and we still want—a great deal of white skill which will have to come in, because we have not got the means of providing it yet in the country.

Freeman: Do you feel that today you are making reasonably good use of the reserve of African skill?

Welensky: We are making reasonably good use but we could make better use.

Freeman: The sort of thing which seems almost incredible to the European is such a thing, for instance, as an African train crew taking a locomotive to the Congo frontier and then a white crew taking it over in the Federation. Would you try to justify that at all?

Welensky: The explanation of that is rather interesting. In the days gone by the railways in the Congo did use Europeans, and the change-over did not come about because they thought Africans were more capable of doing the job or equally capable; the change came about because the Europeans were so unreliable in those days. Today, as you know, on the railways there has just been a big change, and they have introduced the principle of the rate for the job. That has been accepted with certain modifications in which my Government has played no small part. But if you do not mind my saying so, what I think one has to try to get clear is that the African thirty years ago in Southern Rhodesia and Northern Rhodesia was a very different creature from what he is today. The first year I became a member of the legislative council in Northern Rhodesia, in 1938—which is not such a long time ago—the total African education vote was only a few thousand pounds. They did not have the basic qualifications to learn a trade.

The Trade Unionists and the Africans

Freeman: You yourself have obviously changed your views considerably on this sort of issue in recent years. Would it be true to say that the average trade unionist in the Rhodesias is now prepared to accept the African as an equal, provided he can have the skill for the job?

Welensky: The trade unions have always taken the line that they would accept the rate for the job. I think it would be untrue to say that all Europeans in the Rhodesias are willing to accept Africans as equals. That would be a distortion of the facts, and I would not be party to it. Many of them are realizing that the world is changing and that they have themselves got to produce a changed approach to a problem that is facing us. I would say more and more are willing to accept the change.

Freeman: But, keeping this just for the moment strictly to trade unionism, is there *any* job on the railways now from which an African is excluded?

Welensky: In theory, no.

Freeman: In practice you must have the education and skill, of course.

Welensky: In practice it will be a long time.

Freeman: What about the copper mines?

Welensky: Unfortunately I am not as versed in the position about the mines as I am about the railways, because in fact mining and all these things are territorial, as are labour relations; but the railways are a Federal subject. That is why I know more about the railways. There has been much negotiation about the mines and there has been considerable advancement; but I do not think it would be right to say that every job from the top downwards is open to Africans.

Freeman: It is often said of you, curiously enough by both your enemies and your friends, that you have consistently from childhood onwards been a champion in the battle for white supremacy. Your enemies say that for one obvious reason; and you have friends who say it for exactly the opposite reason. Is that true?

Welensky: It is not true. It would be true to say that I am a believer that civilization and the standards that we have established in Africa, the standards that we have inherited from Britain, should be maintained. I believe nothing is worse for Africa than for us to lose those standards of ethics, integrity, and the things that we as British people stand for; and I believe that unless we maintain those there is no hope of the African ever having them.

Freeman: It is often said of you that your personal relations with individual Africans are excellent but that you have never succeeded in 'putting yourself across' to Africans collectively or to African political leaders. Why should that be so?

Welensky: I think there is basically a reason for that because I am not a man who hides my views or my feelings, and I am not prepared to try to bluff the African any more than I am willing to bluff anyone else. I believe that to say, as some people would like one to, that one can give equality in voting to the African people straight off, now, is something that is unreal. It is not true. I would not be party to something that I think would eventually harm both the European and the African.

Freeman: That is not an entirely adequate answer, because, after all, there are strong arguments in favour of your own concept of federation of the central African territories but you have been most unsuccessful in convincing Africans that they are valid arguments. Looking back, could you have done better? Have you failed to do anything you might have done?

Welensky: I certainly think that politically one could have done much more had one appreciated how things were going to go in the first three or four years of the Federation. I believe that as far as Southern Rhodesia is concerned the vast majority of Africans who understand the problem are pro-Federation, but as far as the two northern territories are concerned we started with a tremendous handicap. To begin with, I believe that we would have been much wiser as a government had we taken over the control of our own propaganda and put our own case across to the African rather than leaving it to other governments. I do not say in any sense that I want to discredit other governments, but they had their own problems which they were primarily concerned with. We allowed a serious gap to develop in three or four years in which we did little to try to educate and influence Africans. I know it is said lightly these days that there are no Africans who support federation in the two northern territories. That is not true. If it were true there would be no reason for many of the African leaders today to indulge in all the thuggery that they do against any African who wants to express a view in support of federation; and I submit to you, I think with some reason, that if all Africans were genuinely against it and did not want to support it these people would not have to take the action that they are taking against any African who wants to express a view.

Freeman: Still, you will hardly deny that the great majority of politically conscious African opinion is opposed to it?

Welensky: If you reduce that to Northern Rhodesia and to Nyasaland I would say yes.

Freeman: You said a moment ago that in Southern Rhodesia most informed African opinion was in favour of it. How much African opinion is informed on these subjects?

Welensky: I would say much more opinion is informed in Southern Rhodesia than in the two northern territories, because the African is much more advanced in Southern Rhodesia than he is in the two northern territories, politically as well as economically.

Freeman: The particular political battle that I suppose you are now fighting is to achieve full independence for the Federation. I do not know whether we can still call it dominion status, but at least we both understand what we are talking about if we do. Do you envisage that the Federation is fit for that in the near future?

A Planned Programme

Welensky: I have not been asking for full independence or what is commonly known as dominion status for the Federation. I have, ever since 1957, said that what I am anxious to see this conference do, which is due to meet at the end of the year, is to produce a planned programme that will lead finally to our becoming an independent state. What I do want is to see us achieve independence for the Federal Government in the field for which the Federal Government is responsible. That does not interfere with the status of the territories; they will retain their rights.

Freeman: That would, nevertheless, putting it at its worst, give you a good many opportunities for discriminatory legislation against Africans—such things as movement from state to state, and so on. I am not saying you would necessarily exploit them, but would you not agree that this is a danger against which the British Government has got to take precautions?

Welensky: I would suggest you do not know the constitution if you say that, because in fact my Government has introduced no legislation that is discriminatory, and cannot do so; and I, if I ever got, as I believe I will get, that state in the not too distant future, would willingly accept that there should be some protective rights so that discriminatory legislation could not be introduced.

Freeman: But you would also agree, would you, with what I take to be the correct interpretation of that rather delphic

(continued on page 1034)

The Listener

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Australian Arts

THE age of the colonial philistine is nearly over. This is the conclusion which Mr. Max Harris reaches at the end of his talk 'The Arts in Australia Today', which we print on another page. In the course of it Mr. Harris (who is an Australian) has much to say about the struggle going on all the time in his country between the 'cultural and anti-cultural forces', and about the tradition of philistinism and anti-intellectualism that has always been part of Australian social history and is only now perhaps beginning to die a slow death. Yet the overall position of the arts in Australia is an encouraging one. The lesson taught by the success last March of the Festival of the Arts held at Adelaide in South Australia would seem to be that a section of the Australian public is starting to show itself hungry for good music and opera, for theatre and painting, poetry and books. Last year saw the opening, 400 miles away at Melbourne in Victoria, of the new Music Bowl, a vast construction with a canopy roof of plywood and aluminium, designed to enable 22,000 people to hear concerts. At Benelong Point in New South Wales, a rocky peninsula jutting out into Sydney Harbour, a large opera house of striking design is planned for completion by 1963; while the city authorities in Melbourne, not to be outdone, have plans for the opening by 1964 of a Culture Centre which is to include a new art gallery.

If this apparent upsurge of the arts in Australia is considered along with our knowledge of the vigour of much Australian writing during the last 100 years, it may seem puzzling that any outside visitors to the country should have gone there and criticized it as though it were a barbarian waste. Indeed, if the work of young Australian artists like Sidney Nolan is added to the reckoning, together with the stream of theatrical and singing talent which has flowed into Britain in the last few decades (often to the advantage of British broadcasting and television), the mystery of why criticism should have been so strong deepens.

Its solution lies perhaps in the fact that those who have visited Australia and been disappointed in the antipathy to culture they have found have gone to the country under a misapprehension of what to expect. The first settlement of Australia did not occur until 1788. Since then, a much higher proportion of the lives of the Australian people has been spent living hard up against nature than among the peoples of the older countries of the world. Out on the farms and grazing stations the colour and rawness of this physical life has already produced a natural homestead existence that, in his book *Australian Accent*, Mr. John Pringle found peaceful and independent. But in the big cities the handful of 'arts' lovers have not so far been numerous enough to form an effective climate of public opinion. If, as a result, the culture of these cities has lagged behind those of some older countries, it must be remembered how little the artistic amenities which many European cities possess actually touch the lives of the masses of the people. Neither the concert-halls nor the art-galleries of western Europe, for all the antiquity of their traditions, the richness and the variety of their standards, are visited as often as the world's intelligentsia would like to see. The change of mood in Australia could well increase in tempo during the nineteen-sixties, until a sufficiently large number of art-lovers form a climate of opinion that will make itself felt.

What They Are Saying

Marshal Malinovsky's Warning

MARSHAL MALINOVSKY'S announcement, that he had ordered the commander-in-chief of Soviet rocket units to strike at any base used by aircraft to penetrate Russian skies, evoked varied comment in the world. Iraq radio, quoting the newspaper *Al-Bayan*, clearly considered the Marshal's statement irresponsible:

The threat to strike against the bases from which the aircraft take off is a very serious matter. It may produce the very worst consequences and expose mankind to a third world war. While denouncing the violation of the airspace of independent countries, we believe that the threat to strike against the bases from which the aircraft take off endangers world peace. A state whose airspace is violated must exhaust all peaceful means before committing any serious act, such as a strike against bases in foreign countries which might bring disaster to the entire world.

A Cairo home service commentator criticized both the Russian and American positions. The U.S.A. had, he noted, issued a counter-warning to Marshal Malinovsky's warning. The Egyptian commentator went on as follows:

The question remains what these states stand to gain from shelling one another. Is their role one of promoting peace or of seeking a motive for a destructive world war? . . . The policy of positive neutrality will save the Afro-Asian countries from the danger of war.

Japanese official quarters were not greatly impressed by Marshal Malinovsky's declaration, to judge from transmissions which quoted 'Foreign Ministry sources' in Tokyo. There was no need for Japan to be concerned at the warning, said the sources, because she had been assured by the U.S.A. that the U-2 aircraft based in Japan were not being used for intelligence flights over Communist countries. There had been no evidence in the past that U-2 aircraft based in Japan had violated Soviet territory or that there would be any such violation in the future. The Foreign Ministry sources considered that Marshal Malinovsky's statement was probably intended not only to place the U.S.A. in a difficult situation by utilizing the recent U-2 spy case to the maximum but also to deal a blow at the U.S. policy of building bases around the Soviet Union.

Moscow radio's own treatment of Marshal Malinovsky's warning in a commentary in English for Britain was interesting. The Soviet commentator seemed concerned to 'play down' the Marshal's utterance to some extent: he declared that the B.B.C. had been 'hysterically claiming' that the Soviet Union was threatening Western countries. The B.B.C.'s comment in this respect was 'amazingly similar' to the United States' propaganda, said the Russian broadcaster, and he continued:

Official U.S. propaganda and the 'independent' B.B.C. are doing their utmost to represent the speech made recently in the Kremlin by the Soviet Defence Minister, Marshal Malinovsky, as a new Soviet threat. Where did the B.B.C. commentators find this threat in Marshal Malinovsky's speech? Or did they just reel out their commentaries and reviews, taking as their guide the headlines of the reactionary U.S. newspapers? The impression one gets is that some people in the B.B.C. are not so much interested in understanding Soviet policy as in playing up to official circles in Washington. The order to punish aggressors is not a threat, as the B.B.C. would have people believe. It is a serious warning to those who insist on playing with fire and who are ready to hurl the world into an immeasurable catastrophe.

A Soviet commentary in Turkish compared American bases in Turkey to locusts' nests, because they threaten not only Turkey but also neighbouring countries. Discussing Marshal Malinovsky's warning, the Russian commentator said:

This is a warning to the common sense of all people. Under present-day conditions, a government defending the peaceful life of its nation has no time to determine for what purpose the aggressive plane has taken off—whether it is carrying espionage equipment or a hydrogen bomb. Life teaches that the struggle against the locust must not be delayed.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

CAPITAL OF WEST SUFFOLK

'THE QUEEN of the East Anglian market towns, in my opinion, is Bury St. Edmund's', said ERIC FOWLER in 'East Anglian Miscellany' (Midland Home Service). 'The ancient and beautiful little capital of west Suffolk, and the cathedral town of all Suffolk stands at the junction of the small rivers Lark and Linnet, and in the valley are the remains of the medieval abbey which was the shrine of the saintly Saxon king, Edmund. The Norman bell-tower of the abbey still dominates the town, but the precincts are now full of lawns, trees and flowers. In these grounds a tablet commemorates the fact that it was at the altar of St. Edmund that the barons of England signed and swore to Magna Carta.'

'The streets have wonderful medieval names like Brent Govel Street, Mustow Street, Abbeygate and Risbygate, but many of the buildings belong to the eighteenth century, when Bury became fashionable, and was flattered by the title of the Montpelier of Suffolk. The beautiful little town hall, built to a design of Robert Adam, belongs to that period, and so do the assembly rooms called the Athenaeum, whose lovely ballroom has decorations in the Adam style. But what I want to emphasize is that these fine old streets are full of life and bustle at the present day. Bury has 22,000 inhabitants, and is all the better for being small, compact, and neighbourly. It is calculated, however, that 60,000 people shop there. The cattle market has been largely rebuilt since the war, and on Wednesdays there is one of the busiest cattle and corn markets in all the rich agricultural area of the eastern counties. But since nearly everybody has a motor car nearly every day in Bury looks like a market day, because of the number of people in the streets and the number of cars and buses parked on Angel Hill—which is where Charles Dickens made Mr. Pickwick and his friends arrive by stage coach, in pursuit of the fraudulent Mr. Jingle.'

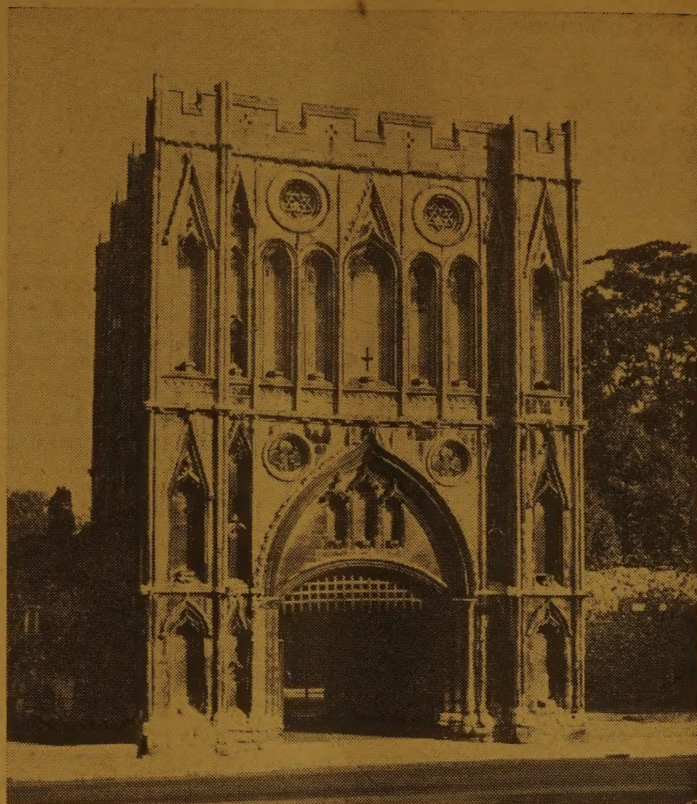
'There is a scheme for building a new estate on the outskirts, for an overflow of 5,000 people and their industries from London. But Bury, with characteristic independence, says it is not going to do that all in a rush. It is prosperous already, with its own trade and industrial development, and it can afford to make a careful selection of the sort of industry it takes in from London or elsewhere. Whoever comes there will not be reviving a decayed town, but coming into partnership with a going concern'.

A NAVAL SEXCENTENARY

It is six hundred years this month since England adopted a code of maritime law and set up the High Court of Admiralty to administer and enforce it. As Commander P. K. KEMP explained in 'Radio Newsreel' (Light Programme), it all began in a rather curious way.

'The maritime laws that were adopted by England in 1360 were the laws of Oléron, a small island lying off La Rochelle on the Biscay coast of France. Oléron itself is this year celebrating the eight-hundredth anniversary of its laws, for they were first promulgated in 1160 by Eleanor de Guienne, better known as Eleanor of Aquitaine. She married Henry II of England in 1152, and it is through her connexion with the English crown that we later came to adopt her laws of the sea.'

'Why the little island of Oléron? No one really knows for certain, though we do know that the men of Oléron



Fourteenth-century gateway of the Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk

were famous in those days as skilled and hardy seamen. It was the fishermen of Oléron who first discovered and worked the big Newfoundland cod banks, fabulous and adventurous voyages for those days, and probably Eleanor named her laws in honour of her most famous band of seamen.

'These laws of Oléron, on which our maritime law is founded, embraced all aspects of life at sea. Under them a pirate of any nation could be hanged, though to save any argument with shore-based justice the Admiralty Court always erected its gibbets between the high and low water-marks. The laws laid down the proper scale of punishments for wrongdoers on board ship: thus the thief had his right hand cut off at the wrist; the murderer was bound to the corpse of his victim and flung into the sea; the inveterate sleeper on watch was suspended in a cage from the bowsprit, with a loaf of bread, a jar of beer, and a knife. He could eat the bread and drink the beer, and then choose his own time to use the knife and cut the rope by which he was suspended. The cage in which he was confined made it very certain that he would drown as soon as he cut the rope'.



Clipping a sheep by hand on Barra, in the Hebrides

Photographs: J. Allan Cash

THE WOOL CLIP

'The time for shearing sheep is determined not so much by the weather as by the nature of the beast', said HARRY SOAN in 'Today' (Home Service). 'A sheep's coat is like the leaves of deciduous trees, which are shed at a given season. New wool begins to grow, pushing up the old coat; and if the shepherd does not

shear it off then, it will gradually be shed and lost. Shearing time is thus when the old coat is sufficiently free to allow the passage of the shears between the old and the new wool. We say that the wool has risen.

'The time when this rise takes place ranges from the middle of May in the rich fertile lowlands, where sheep live like fighting cocks and come into condition early, to July in non-fertile mountain areas where sheep nibble at sparse vegetation like a dog gnawing a meatless bone. The varieties of wool are almost as wide as the areas they come from, ranging from fleece as soft as down to those as coarse and springy as mountain turf. Those, like myself, who still use the old-fashioned hand-shears, can tell in a moment when the quality of wool changes: to cut some is like shearing a cloud, while to shear others is like cutting fine wire.

'In the mornings now, when the dew has dried in cool, shady corners of trim lowland paddocks, shepherds will be bending over and burying mechanical clippers into dense fleeces. Elsewhere and later, in cool stone barns, long benches will be set out; old men will put on their spectacles, spit on pieces of honing stone and sharpen their hand-shears to clip the lighter fleece of the smaller ewe sheep.

'A lamb is the embodiment of delight; later when mature fleece has softened the hard angles of a sheep's frame there is beauty enough at least to kindle the shepherd's eye; but shorn sheep are nearly the ugliest things in creation, and the only wish inspired by the sight of them is that they shall grow their new coats as quickly as possible'.

MYSTERIOUS TERRITORY

'This month Madagascar becomes an independent state within the French Community', said LOUIS KRAFT in a talk in the General Overseas Service. 'For the first time the inhabitants of this big island, close to the eastern seaboard of southern Africa, will make their own impact upon the world: through their own diplomats and delegates to international gatherings, and later through direct trading with other nations. For the present, Madagascar remains a mysterious and partly unknown territory, even in the minds of its immediate neighbours. This is due less to its insular position than to poor communications and the fact that only in the last few years has it begun to emerge from economic stagnation. It is still one of the least developed of French overseas dependencies, despite the strategic importance of the magnificent natural harbour of Diego Suarez at the northern tip of the island and of a touristic potential which is evident even to a visitor in a hurry.

'When I visited the island some years ago I was not in any hurry. I stayed several months and developed a lively interest in the strange flora and even stranger fauna of this land cut off from continental influences for about 30,000,000 years. The people, too, have developed along unique lines, a fact which has important political consequences. The Malagasy do not feel or admit the gravitational pull of Africa despite its proximity; and neither



Among the fauna of Madagascar are the skink (above), a small lizard of the family Scincidae, with stout scales and a slightly notched tongue; some fifty species of lemur—a lemur *propithecus* is seen on the right—

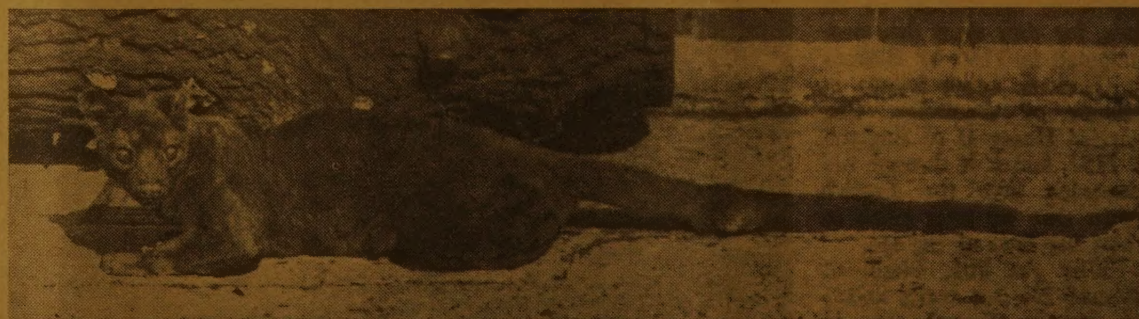


do they feel that of Asia although the more evolved section of the population, living on the Imerina plateau, is of south-east Asian stock. Thus, the essential characteristic of Madagascar and of the life it sustains is originality.

'Long isolation has endowed Madagascar, like Australia, with animals not found elsewhere, and has also permitted the survival of a few species which, in Africa, have been extinct for geological ages. What is even more peculiar is the total absence of all the large predatory mammals found in similar latitudes on the mainland of Africa, such as lions, leopards, hyenas; and there are no elephants, no giraffes, no big antelopes, no apes, no poisonous snakes. The only beast dangerous to man is the crocodile. Lemurs—some fifty species—abound; they are lower in the evolutionary scale than monkeys, and are gentle, cuddly little creatures with bushy tails. The most interesting animal, however, is the fossa. This yellow-coated night hunter, a little longer than a jackal, has been extinct elsewhere in the world for 25,000,000 years.

'Thanks to its distance from the mainland (about 250 miles) Madagascar is free from the tsetse fly, an African scourge which is partly responsible for the long backwardness of the people of tropical Africa since it deprived them, in a most trying climate, of the help of beasts of burden. The absence of that fly has made it possible for the people of Madagascar, some 4,500,000, to enjoy the possession of a total of 6,000,000 head of cattle.

'The majority of the Malagasy are not African at all. Their ancestors came 1,000 years ago in small boats, with favourable ocean currents and the monsoon, from Malaya and Indonesia. Of these only the descendants of Malay invaders—the Imerina—and, to a lesser extent, the Betsileo, had innate political sense and administrative ability. By the beginning of last century the Imerina had established their dominance and language (a tongue related to Javanese) upon nearly the whole island and produced a royal dynasty better remembered for its strong-willed and capable queens than for its kings. The rule of this dynasty came to an end in 1895. Today there are some 50,000 French settlers in Madagascar. From the start, French policy was to give the Imerina every opportunity to evolve further; and these bright and artistic people became a kind of coloured middle class. All are Christians, and among the other twenty-odd tribes or ethnic sub-groups Christianity is also the prevailing religion'.



—the hedgehog *ericulus* (left); and the fossa—'a yellow-coated night hunter, a little longer than a jackal, which has been extinct elsewhere in the world for 25,000,000 years'

Zoological Society of London

Interpreting Science to Non-Scientists

A discussion between B. C. BROOKES, GERD BUCHDAHL, and JOHN MADDUX

Gerd Buchdahl: There has been much talk recently about the two cultures, the split between science and the humanities; and this raises immediately the problem of the interpretation of science.

John Maddux: I consider that science is every bit as much a part of our culture as, say, painting, sculpture, literature, and so on. I feel that this is so true that if non-scientists are not given a chance and an opportunity and an encouragement to know what is going on in this field of science, they will feel excluded from an important part of the main stream of human activity, and correspondingly depressed, misanthropic, and isolated.

A New Dimension of Thinking

Buchdahl: You mention what is essentially a psychological aspect of the situation. But science seems to me to introduce, or to have introduced during the last one or two hundred years, a new dimension of thinking. It is this new dimension that seems to raise particularly this problem of interpreting science. It is on this difficulty of interpreting science to the non-scientists that grave doubts have recently been thrown. I wonder, Brookes, whether you, who have been one of those who have done this, would like to answer?

B. C. Brookes: It seems to me that it is much too generally and readily assumed that the interpretation of science is always possible, and that when any difficulty of communication becomes apparent it is the fault of the scientist. In a recent talk* I tried to explain why I took this view, and I concluded, briefly, that the learning of science is the learning of a special language, of a kind of first language which takes some years to learn; that this language is constructed out of our every-day language and is built upon it, and this means that translation from it into everyday language is not easily possible; that this language, in a sense, is the summation of the scientist's experience and not merely the expression of it; and, finally, that there is no short cut to a full understanding of science—and I would say that if you do want to understand it fully, then you must learn this special language. So that I have some reservations to make about the possibility of interpreting science, however desirable this may be.

Maddux: That is a point on which I fundamentally disagree. It seems to me that there are many things about ordinary scientific activity which are special to the scientists: his own feeling, his own judgment, his own intuition about the subject is entirely a matter of professional training, a matter of professional practice. But with that reservation I think that nearly everything else about science can successfully be interpreted for non-scientists—at least, in some sense or another. If I remember rightly, in your original talk you mentioned three categories of people: the people who were learning about science, the people who were learning science; and the people who were learning to do science. The last category includes the people who are the professional scientists. They have two functions, it seems to me: they create new theories, they create new ideas in science; they also manipulate the scientific theories so as to produce results of practical value. The people who learn science do this so that they may become professional scientists; but the people who learn about science do so for quite different reasons—they do so because they need to know, because they have an interest, because they may find this important, because it may be culturally important for them; and I think everything that this first category of people needs can be provided for them.

Buchdahl: If I have understood Brookes rightly, he was not particularly concerned with the learning of science, but with the question whether one could learn about science without learning science; and he supported this view particularly by two argu-

ments. One of them stressed the fact that the average person who hears the scientist, or popularizer of science, talk about science hears only what one might call the theoretical side of the subject, that he does not participate in the laboratory work, in the practical side of the scientist's effort. Brookes's other argument was that he thought he could demonstrate that the very way in which the technical terms of a science obtained their meaning showed that the non-scientist would for ever remain in the position of only partially understanding what the essential aspects of a scientific theory were about. I have sympathy with this, and I think we ought perhaps for a moment to stop and see whether as much follows from these two points that Brookes has made as he claims for them. They both essentially amount to saying that science considered as an effort is a whole—every aspect of it connects with every other aspect of it, and no part can be taken in separation from any other part. While I think that talking about science involves talking science and learning science, it does not follow from this that one cannot learn science without emphasizing perhaps certain aspects, and I do not believe that one ought to make a mystique of the activity which is called 'doing science', and say that unless a man participates in every part of it he will not understand the whole.

Maddux: I agree with this. Taking the two points separately, the feeling of the laboratory on the one hand and the abstractness of the concepts of science on the other, it seems to me, as a journalist who writes for a newspaper readership, that one cannot do very much to convey the feeling of the laboratory, the kind of intuitive judgment that the scientist makes every minute of his working life. But equally I think it feasible to translate any concept in science, however abstract it may be, into terms that will mean something to non-scientific people. One can find many examples of this, but even the most bizarre of them—even things like the theory of relativity—can be put into a form which ordinary people can appreciate in some sense or another. For instance, one might explain why the special theory was necessary, how the classical theories failed to account for certain phenomena; one might alternatively try to explain which physical entities were connected together by the equations of special theory. One might try to guess what the influence of the special theory on the development of physics is going to be. By choosing a sufficiently large number of different approaches like this, it is my feeling that one could provide what comes close to a complete appreciation of the theory—as far as it can be done in non-scientific terms—by non-scientists. How this links up with the ordinary meaning of the word 'understanding' is a matter which we can argue about all day. But the thing that one cannot do this way is to give people the facility actually to handle the special theory, to construct new theories out of it, or to make new predictions.

Conveying Significant Features?

Buchdahl: On that we are all agreed—that you cannot learn to handle the theory because this would be a question of instructing people in becoming scientists. But you have put your finger on a sore point here, the notion of understanding science. And some would want to say that one should first define what one means by understanding science before one proceeds with this point. I would counter this by saying that the only way in which one can find out what one means by understanding science is to see and to study a situation in which people would accept that some understanding of science has been conveyed. But I have in mind the problem that Brookes raised—namely, whether it is possible to discuss the theory of relativity in a way that will convey the essential features of such a theory to the non-scientist without involving all the complexities—technical, mathematical,

experimental complexities and so on—which that theory actually raises. I have sympathies with Brookes's view that this cannot be done by talking in general terms; on the other hand, I am opposed to his view by thinking that a judicious selection of significant features of that theory, and interpreting these in more general simplified terms, will go a long way towards giving the non-scientists an intimate understanding of the essential traits that are involved in, say, discussing special theory of relativity.

Brookes: I agree with you up to a point that it is possible to make an explanation of any particular physical theory to a layman. The explanation that will satisfy him will be one which is in some way related to his own layman's frame of reference. Perhaps after a little consideration he may realize that this explanation is not wholly satisfactory, and if he is sufficiently interested I think he will begin to press you for further development of your explanation. But if it is to be fully satisfactory to him—if he does not tire in his pursuit of the explanation—eventually you will be forced to take him into the laboratory and teach him the full background of physics on which it is based.

Maddox: This word 'satisfactory' that you are using seems to me to need a certain amount of qualification because non-scientists might wish to know about science for many different reasons. For example, there might be people who have no professional connexion at all with science, whose concern is to know what is happening in technology: they might want to know why atomic power stations are being built or why aircraft are now able to fly faster than they could before the war; alternatively, there might be people who wished to know from a scholarly but not an academic, professional point of view what the content of new theories about such things as the origin of matter, the origin of the universe, and so on really is. Alternatively, you might get a scientist in one speciality who wished to know what is happening in another speciality—and this, I suggest, is an important problem. Then, finally, there is a general function which has to be performed by someone, of doing for science what literary critics do for books, what theatre critics do for the theatre, and what art critics do for the pictures.

Technology and Pure Science

Brookes: I think what you have raised here, Maddox, is a point of difference between what I would call technology—that is, science applied—and science pure—that is, intellectual science. Certainly people are interested in technology. This is something that affects their everyday life: they get into jet aeroplanes, they hear of new rockets, they want to know what it is all about. These are results of applied science. Then, science is partly an intellectual activity, and it is important to know how people are thinking. I go back to the phrase that Buchdahl used earlier: science, he said, introduces a new dimension of thinking. I agree with him, but I think it is important to separate these two issues: science as applied technology, which affects our everyday practical lives, and science as an intellectual activity, which introduces a new dimension of thinking and which is possibly an important new element in this difference between the two cultures.

Maddox: I think this distinction is most important; and in practice I find it means that it is much easier to write about the technological part of science than about the pure part of science, simply because the technological part deals with concepts that are fairly easily translatable into ordinary language. On the other hand, I do not think it is true to suggest that ordinary people are not interested in the intellectual aspects of science.

Brookes: I agree. But there is the intellectual aspect of science pure, the process of thinking—again this new way of thinking. Then there is the application of intellectual thinking *about* science—to philosophy and so on. It is this aspect that makes people interested in cosmology, the fate of the human race and the fate of themselves.

Maddox: It seems to me, Brookes, that what you are doing is to say that two cultures are inevitable, that there must always be a split between scientific activity and ordinary activity, because you suggest that only the parts of pure science with philosophical bearing ring a bell for ordinary people. My feeling is that the actual intellectual processes themselves are as interesting to layman as, for example, the intellectual processes

of the lawyers, of the linguists, of the archaeologists, and so on.

Brookes: I think it is perfectly true that the intellectual processes of science are as interesting to the layman as the intellectual processes of any other scheme of thought, but I do not think that interest is on the whole high. There is more general and perhaps rather woollier interest in the philosophical aspects of science, I agree that this means there are two cultures and that they will remain in effect apart. In fact, I believe there are many more than two distinct kinds of culture.

Maddox: Your argument suggests that while you argue that science as such must remain inaccessible to the layman you also imply that the science of physics must always remain inaccessible to the chemist and to the biologist and so on. In fact, you are producing a multiple schizophrenia in science itself, which I think in practice can be shown not to exist, because, after all, you as a physicist will talk freely and with a high degree of understanding to your colleagues who might be biologists and chemists.

Multiple Schizophrenia

Brookes: I am not sure that there is not a multiple schizophrenia, as you call it. Up to a point there is a common language in science; but beyond this certain level—and I think this is met at university level—there are difficulties of communication between, say, botanists and geologists, geologists and physicists—perhaps not so much between physicists and chemists, because their fields overlap rather more closely—but I think it would be difficult to deny that there are some difficulties.

Maddox: Certainly there are difficulties, but you say these are insuperable.

Buchdahl: I would like to remind you that we all agree that there are difficulties of interpretation. What we began with was the question of whether these difficulties could be overcome. If I may return to the nature of the excitement of the scientific effort, I would say to Brookes that undoubtedly there are moments of excitement for the scientist in the development of his own work. If there are these moments of excitement, it is essential that, if we are to make a beginning of interpreting science to the non-scientist, these moments of excitement shall be capable of re-enactment in the experience of the non-scientist. I would have thought that the attempts at exploring the possibilities of interpreting sciences will have to set their sights at a level which does not ask for too much: that is to say, the first thing we will have to do is to ask whether one cannot make a beginning with some simpler forms of investigation: for example, whether we cannot study the origins of elementary chemistry by retracing and re-enacting the birth pangs of that science. I myself remember reading a paper by Lavoisier on the 'elementary'—in quotation marks since it is actually not an element but a compound—constitution of water; and to watch the delicate and almost cunning way in which Lavoisier, in that paper, pits the experimental side of the subject against what one might call the ideological anticipation of the result is something that I shall never forget. It seems to me that if one can do this at an elementary level then one has gained something; and will, among other things, also be able to discover whether the whole enterprise is possible and worth while.

Maddox: Obviously, you are concerned with this from the practical point of view of a teacher, someone who has to tell students what is, in fact, the content of scientific culture.

Buchdahl: I have in mind the educated humanities student with some modicum of mathematical instruction, for instance.

Brookes: I have much sympathy with Buchdahl's efforts to re-enact the 'birth pangs of science'; and I think he can make an exciting story of Lavoisier's paper proving that water is an element. But it seems to me in view of the activities of Maddox here, it is difficult to re-enact this situation, because I am almost certain that the humanities students to whom Buchdahl will address his efforts will know through Maddox and his colleagues that water is not now regarded as an element, and that here you are therefore faced with a fairly serious difficulty.

Maddox: I do not think this is a serious difficulty, in that surely Buchdahl's effort was an attempt to treat science as scholarship—science as a case history of how thought carries on. My concern is much more to inform people who want to be

informed about contemporary events. In any case, I do not think the difficulty you mentioned is the same kind of difficulty as you emphasized in the original talk. There you were concerned, it seemed to me, rather with these two features of science to which you drew attention: the abstractness of some of the concepts and the fact that practising scientists have a feeling which ordinary people, non-scientists, do not have.

Brookes: I would admit that up to a point; but then I would ask what Buchdahl is trying to do by re-enacting these birth pangs of science. He has used the exciting phrase: a new dimension of thinking. Does this have any bearing on your illustrative material here? What is this new dimension of thinking that science offers?

Buchdahl: You are asking me to give you in two minutes an appraisal of the nature of science. And this is an invidious undertaking. I took it that when you agreed to my introductory remarks concerning the existence of a new dimension of thinking, that there was such a thing; and I would also say that to ask a person to give a definition of the nature of science is to put the cart before the horse. I would say that one of the ways in which to elucidate a clear meaning of the nature of science is just the sort of discussion we are carrying on, because it is by finding out whether Lavoisier's effort can be distinguished from an effort like that of composing verse that we are finding out something about the nature of science.

Brookes: I am not convinced that your analysis, your description of Lavoisier's work on the nature of water, for example, or any other historical scientific progress is in fact an introduction to science.

Buchdahl: There is an ambiguity of effort here. But a humanity student who comes to a teacher who is set upon helping to understand the nature of elementary chemistry—granting that this will help him to understand chemical science—is aware of what he is doing. He is aware that Lavoisier is dead and he is aware that Lavoisier's effort was just one small cog in an important developing argument. Furthermore, he is no fool. And he can well understand, particularly if he has his attention drawn to it, why we take special pains to say that Lavoisier checked this argument by a most careful determination of the weight of the water together with the vessel in which the water was boiled, and so on. I would claim that, through this, the humanity student can begin to see what was significant about Lavoisier's effort and what sets it off from a non-scientific argument.

Valuable Route for the Humanist

Maddox: There are many examples of this kind that one could choose from other parts of the history of science. For example, I have always been impressed by Bacon's argument in the *Novum Organum*, that because flames sprang upwards there must be atoms of heat; and, in a sense, one could imagine that this argument was a prevision of the kinetic theory of heat. The thing, however, that marked off Bacon's argument from contemporary scientific activity is that having made his hypothesis Bacon did not feel it necessary to check it. This was not true of Lavoisier's effort: he checked up as well as he could. His technique was not as good as that of the modern scientist, but I think that this kind of analogy, if it is to be used at all, as a route for the humanist to science, should be recognized to be in many ways valuable. That is, it is as important to point out the limitations in which the early scientists worked as to point out how clever they were.

Buchdahl: The reference to limitation is important; so is the reference to checking up. I would say that there is a danger in drawing a distinction between Bacon and the 'true scientists' in that Bacon failed to check up. A scientist is part almost of a machine, in which it is second nature for him to check up. It is a habit of thought which not only involves the making of experiments, or measurements, but the combining of measurements with theoretical arguments. If I may put this negatively, it is sometimes said that scientists are not as critical about non-scientific spheres, like the spheres of politics or art, as the historians or the philosophers may be. I think this is true. The reason is that the carefulness of checking up on one's arguments is so much second nature, so much part of the machine,

to a scientist that he is almost unaware of it. And it is this very unawareness that we must try to recapture. It is the very nature of one's explanation to these arts students that militates against one being able to explain what the nature of science is.

Brookes: My problem is, however: how do you go on from here? Because it seems to me that, so far, you are really talking about science at a certain level of understanding, and that this is possible but where does it get us? Your argument clarifies for me the issue that I had in mind when I gave my talk—that the interpreting of science is a very difficult process indeed.

The Scientist's Instinct to 'Check Up'

Maddox: I agree that it is difficult; but surely what Buchdahl has done is to isolate one of the characteristics of the special nature of scientific work, of the activity of doing science. I do not think there is much significance to be attached to the phrase 'the method of science', the scientific method. In practice the way in which actual scientists do their job is much more an intuitive and slapdash and haphazard thing than we are sometimes led to believe, or sometimes like to think. But it might be profitable to ask ourselves to what extent we can convey to non-scientists the special difficulty which scientists have in checking up this feeling they have, this instinct to check up. In my view this can be done to a considerable extent: one can, for example, explain directly to people in words that a certain theory—let it be Hoyle's new theory of how stars evolve—is not 100 per cent. accurate. Most probably there are errors in the calculations. Hoyle himself would admit that there are probably errors. But by comparing the results of the calculations with what few facts the astronomers have been able to gather, one can guess that the errors are likely to be small. So one can show people how even this special skill of the professional scientist is important to him and how it works.

Brookes: I wonder whether the scientist has a stronger instinct to check up than anybody else. I think that, like almost any other human being, when he has proposed a hypothesis to himself he is rather inclined to look round for any evidence that will support it. According to the theory of scientific method he should look for some means of falsifying his hypothesis; but it seems to me that the scientist does not learn to do this. He has to rely, in effect, on somebody else trying to falsify it. I wonder whether there was, really, anything in this new dimension of thinking that science really had to contribute.

Maddox: I think you are being unfair to yourself and to your colleagues, because my impression is that they are much more reputable and much more honest with themselves than that. Certainly scientists are human, and if a scientist has a new idea he is anxious to see it in the end proved right. But in the ordinary course of his business he will not perpetrate this theory, this new idea, on an unsuspecting world without himself being fairly sure that the evidence he brings to support it is representative, is typical, and so on. In other words, I am suggesting that, however human and frail the practices of scientists may seem, they are nevertheless outstandingly high in this regard of checking up.

Buchdahl: But I feel that what one would want to say to this is that when we talk about the difficulties of interpreting science we are, after all, thinking of the central theories of science. Understanding random results and achievements will always be a second best. We shall always say, I am afraid: you do not really understand until you have understood the general foundations on which the man who was doing his work—say, in cosmology or physics, or bio-chemistry—is working away from.

Maddox: Peripheral results are also often much more easily interpreted.

Buchdahl: They are easily interpreted, but it would not satisfy the purist; it would not satisfy me, and I feel it would not satisfy Brookes.

Maddox: Nor me.

Buchdahl: But may I perhaps get back to something that seems to me essential to the argument; because I still insist that until we have settled the question whether it is possible to interpret the elementary central theories of science to a non-scientist we cannot make a beginning of evaluating efforts to interpret what you call random and more recent results. I would like to ask Brookes something about the point I mentioned in my introductory

remarks, the point that connects once again with this business of understanding. To take a concrete example, that it is possible to explain to a non-scientist what is meant by the notion of a molecule when it is used in connexion with the kinetic theory of gases. I agree with him that it is not sufficient to say: 'Well, you understand a gas consists of molecules, and they are very small, and are like billiards balls only they are not white, or green, or red'. But I disagree, if I have understood him rightly, that it is not possible to convey some understanding without telling the whole story.

Brookes: I think I understand your question, and up to a point I agree with it. When I am asked to say what I mean by understanding science, in the fullest sense I mean that if one understands a scientific theory one knows how to apply it, and one knows how to deduce or create new ideas from it. And I would agree that it is possible to understand a theory up to some point below that creativity, that one can get a general idea of what it is about.

Different Levels of Understanding

Maddox: In effect there are many different levels of understanding.

Brookes: There is an infinite range of levels of understanding, and I would agree that one of the aims that Buchdahl has is to make science understandable to people who know little about science. To some extent I think he can reasonably hope to succeed.

Buchdahl: I suspected a moment ago, Brookes, that you were hinting again that there is nothing left when one looks carefully at science which saves this contention that there is a special dimension of scientific thinking. And I was wondering whether one could not alleviate the doubts on this matter by saying that if you fasten on any single feature of science, particularly one like checking, measuring, making hypotheses, inventing, imagining, and so on, they may certainly be paralleled by similar features in other spheres. But this is a common state of affairs. What surely singles out science from other activities is that here is a complex of such features, put together in a certain way, which separates it out from other fields of activity; and, secondly—and this is rather an obvious thing—scientists simply have different aims and purposes from people like sculptors, or business men, or politicians, or moral philosophers. If once one looks at it in this way it is fairly easy to enumerate the features in which these various activities differ.

Brookes: I think you have really made one of the points that rests at the back of my objections. You have admitted that science is a complex of all kinds of activities, and the problem, it seems to me, is one of interpreting a complex. I do not see how one can interpret a complex. One can only learn it by getting into it.

Maddox: I wonder whether we might reduce this to very simple terms. You agree, Brookes, that it is possible to interpret particular parts of this complex. What then is there to prevent one successively interpreting as many different parts as one chooses, until in the end one has interpreted them all?

Buchdahl: In other words, interpreting a complex does not mean interpreting something all at once.

Brookes: That could never be done, in any case. It seems to me that the interpretation of any field of science could not be possible without the men to whom this is being interpreted getting into a laboratory and taking part in the full practical activities of any practical scientist of whatever kind it may be.

Buchdahl: It depends on what the thing in question was: if it was theoretical physics, many theoretical physicists never enter a laboratory in their lives.

Brookes: I would not fully admit that. I think you would find it difficult to discover a theoretical physicist who at some time or other had not spent a good deal of time in the laboratory.

Buchdahl: This is a question of fact, which one would have to check. It is sufficient for my purpose to say that it is thinkable that a theoretical physicist should never go into a laboratory, from the very nature of the work he is engaged in.

Brookes: I am not satisfied with this. I cannot imagine how a theoretical physicist, or a theoretical astronomer, ever becomes an astronomer without at some stage having done some practical work even perhaps at a rather elementary level, or looked through a telescope.

Buchdahl: I know a theoretical physicist who spends all his life calculating or devising theories for the computation of lens systems of higher order aberrations, another one who spends most of his life devising more successful means of interpreting classical thermo-dynamics, and a third physicist who spends all his life on solutions of Einstein's field equations. I am not saying that he spent no time in a laboratory when he was becoming a physicist. I am saying that his activity as a physicist now, and for many years, has not involved his setting foot in a laboratory. But I do not think I would wish to base my case on the existence, in fact, of a scientist who has never entered a laboratory: I would merely want to say that it was not unthinkable that this would be so; and, secondly, that working in a laboratory is an accidental feature of science, by which I mean not so much that it is just an accident that people do this, but that it is not necessarily a feature without which one could not talk of science or think scientifically. And I would want to say that I know of no argument by means of which one could prove this, least of all the argument that the theoretical terms of physics, for instance, are an intimate part of that science.

Maddox: This is an important point, because when you said, in your original talk, that the concepts of science were necessarily abstract, one has of course to agree with you. And one has at the same time to recognize that this abstractness is in itself the means by which the concepts are widely understood, among trained scientists. It is the sheer abstractness of the concepts that gives them power. And so far as communication between scientists is concerned, that is as far as the problem of having a theoretical person, who has never been in a laboratory, handle problems concerned with—say—making thermo-nuclear reactors and the like, one has to admit that the abstract concepts, there for him, give him a chance to do this.

Brookes: I entirely agree with that.

The Non-Scientist and the Molecule

Buchdahl: I think there is a point here, that Brookes made in his original talk, about abstract concepts: namely that since there does not correspond to the concept of a molecule, say, an object with which I could confront the non-scientist in everyday life, therefore it was necessary for him to become acquainted with the whole mystique of science, including particularly the entering into a laboratory and pursuing a course of practical science. This I would deny, not as a matter of practical politics, but as a matter of the logic of the argument; because it seems to me that, in order to understand a molecule it is correct that I must understand the deductions from the postulates which mention the theoretical concept of a molecule, one of those deductions being Boyle's law. It seems to me, however, not necessary that I should enter into a laboratory and myself make the test. It seems to me sufficient that a man should sympathetically understand what goes on when one tests such a thing as Boyle's law. I would also add, in deference to Brookes's views, that it would be extremely useful that a man should acquire the feeling of laboratory techniques which are involved in testing such a law, particularly if he wants to become a scientist—and even if he does not. But what I would want to dissent from was that one could not understand the meaning of the term molecule without actually having carried out the experiments.

Brookes: That is, I think, one of the crucial differences between us. It cannot be resolved by logic, as far as I can see.

Buchdahl: I should have thought it could *only* be resolved by logic, as a matter of argument. On the other hand, it can only be resolved as a matter of practice by taking a number of people, and taking a control group, and seeing whether it was possible to learn to understand the meaning of the word molecule, on the one side with going into a laboratory, and on the other without going into a laboratory.

Brookes: I should like to see this experiment carried out.
—Third Programme

The series on 'Nationalism in the Modern World' will be continued next week with a discussion between Richard Harris and Hugh Seton-Watson on communism and nationalism.

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough

A tercentenary tribute by DAVID GREEN

NO woman ever wrote more to explain her own conduct than Sarah, first Duchess of Marlborough. 'I have been a kind of author', she said. She had indeed. Thousands upon thousands of words, in what she called her ridiculous hand, fill the Muniment Room at Blenheim and overflow to Althorp and Woburn and Madresfield Court. And to what end? To vindicate herself, to show her contemporaries and us that in everything she had ever done, from May 29, 1660, when she was born, until 1744 when she died, she had always been right. Did it matter? It mattered to her. She liked it better than money, she said; though she liked that too.

'My chief aim', she once wrote, 'both in public and private life, has been to *deserve* approbation; but I have never been without an earnest desire to have it too, both living and dead, from the wise and virtuous'. Among wise and virtuous biographers, notably her redoubtable descendant, Sir Winston Churchill, she has found champions to do everything for her fame short of canonization. 'The best and the worst of her', says Sir Winston, 'was her candour and blunt commonsense', and he goes on to proclaim her greatness. Common sense is only part of the answer.

Another part of it comes from that other wise descendant, the ninth Duke of Marlborough, who called Sarah one of the most remarkable women of any time.

'No woman not of royal rank', wrote the Duke, 'has ever held before or is ever likely to hold again such a position as was hers during the critical years of the early eighteenth century, when the map of Europe and the constitution of England were in the making. It is to her eternal credit that she used her power honestly, consistently, and with a single eye to her country's best interests'.

She had integrity, common sense and influence. What else? She had beauty; and for husband the greatest soldier and one of the greatest men of her brilliant day. Marlborough, ten years her senior, married her secretly when she was eighteen. It was a marriage that would be called upon to withstand every sort of misfortune, from loss of children to loss of royal favour. It withstood them all. 'Wherever you are', she told him, 'whilst I have my soul I shall follow you, my ever dear Lord Marlborough, and wherever I am I shall only kill the time until night, that I may sleep and hope the next day to hear from you'.

She heard from him constantly. From the midst of a campaign, almost from the heat of battle, he, who disliked writing, sent protestations of devotion and laid his victories at her feet. And when he tells her of his greatest victory of all, at Blenheim, he adds: 'I can't end my letter without being so vain as to tell my dearest soul that within the memory of man there has been no Victory so great as this'.

When, to give thanks for that victory, Sarah rode with Queen Anne to St. Paul's—'the Queen in a rich coach with eight horses,

none with her but the Duchess of Marlborough in a very plain garment, the Queen full of jewels', as John Evelyn tells us—Marlborough popularity reached its peak. All they had lived through together, before and since the Revolution, when James lost his throne and Sarah helped his daughter, Anne, escape to Nottingham—all that was forgotten in the sunshine hour when nothing was too good for the man the Queen delighted to honour and for Sarah, his wife, in whose company, she said, she would gladly live on bread and water.

It was an extraordinary friendship, on the Queen's side passionate, on the part of the Duchess loyal and devoted. They had played together as children, faced the same troubles, shared secrets, knew they could trust one another. Indeed in the opening years of her reign Anne, who was no weakling, all but put the sceptre in Sarah's hands, while Marlborough she counted on as diplomat, general, and wise friend.

To violate such an Eden, so idyllic, so firmly founded upon virtue and victory and the fervent love of a queen, there needed to wriggle in not one serpent but several. Easy to blame Mrs. Masham, the meek abigail Sarah herself had introduced to the Queen; or those other

plotters, Harley and St. John, who for their pains became Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke; for all of them dropped slow poison into the Queen's ear. Yet, as we now know, Sarah was as much to blame as anyone for her own downfall in that from loving the Queen she had come to dislike her, and from coaxing to nagging her, until Anne begged Marlborough to call his wife to order and stop her 'teasing and tormenting' her friend and Queen.

The change was insidious and gradual. What had once been a labour to delight in—her duty as Mistress of the Robes and Keeper of the Privy Purse—became for Sarah a tedious chore; and when she failed to get her way she would speak her mind, as she always did, before leaving the Court and sulking at Windsor, where she was Ranger of the Park. 'As I am of the simple sex', she once wrote, 'I say what I think without any disguise'. No wonder Anne sought the quiet company of sly Mrs. Masham, nicknamed Mrs. Still. It was odd that Sarah, who mistrusted the motives of everyone, failed to diagnose the treachery of Mrs. Masham until too late. It needed Marlborough to write to her from Flanders: 'For God's sake let me beg of you to be careful of your behaviour, for you are in a country among tigers and wolves'.

By a fantastic stroke of irony it was another thanksgiving for a Marlborough victory (Oudenarde, in 1708) which helped to bring the crisis to a head. No sooner had the coach set off for St. Paul's than Sarah noticed that the Queen was not wearing the jewels she had put out for her. This, she felt certain, was the new favourite's doing. Mrs. Masham had advised the Queen not to wear them. The story goes that Sarah's rage, simmering all the



Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, as a young woman, and (right) a painting believed to be of Mrs. Masham, her rival in the affections of Queen Anne

By courtesy of Earl Spencer

National Portrait Gallery

way to St. Paul's, boiled over in the west portico when the Queen, attempting to address her, was commanded to silence; though the Duchess protested afterwards that she had desired the Queen to be quiet for fear the crowd might overhear her. She made things worse by writing to Anne, complaining that after all the pains she had taken to put her jewels in a way she thought she would like, Mrs. Masham could make her refuse to wear them; and added: 'Your Majesty chose a very wrong day to mortify me, when you were just going to return thanks for a victory obtained by Lord Marlborough'.

Anne replied non-committally, and one wonders if Mrs. Masham had in fact whispered to the Queen that the contrast of bloom and glitter (for Sarah was still beautiful at forty-eight) might be deliberate. Some things we shall never be sure of, but in the archives at Blenheim I once chanced on an unpublished scrap which might be admitted as evidence. In a bundle endorsed 'Curious unsigned letters, some in the handwriting of the Duchess', there is an undated letter which begins:

I take it upon mee Madame to give you advice, tho' advice is not often agreeable to Ladies. However, I am too much concern'd for your beauty not to advertise you of the injury you will doe it, in Case you dresse and Sett your Selfe out on the Queens birth days.

Leave ornaments to others, to such as want a Supply to their naturall beauty. . . . Every ornament you putt on takes off from your beauty. Every ornament you putt off restores you a grace, and you never are soe well as when one sees nothing in you but your Selfe.

It's to the advantage of most Ladys to bee hid under their ornaments. Pearls look well upon some necks that would look very ill without them; but yours would disgrace the finest necklace in the world. . . . Lett others, then, if they please, undoe themselves in clothes and jewells . . . and goe your Selfe in plain Clothes with no other charme but your own beauty.

Wherever the advice came from, the Duchess seems to have followed it, once at least with success, once without. And after that we are less surprised at the deathly coldness of the Queen at the final interview with the Duchess in Kensington Palace in the spring of 1710. They never met again; and although Marlborough, when he returned the following winter, went down on his knees to Anne, on Sarah's behalf, the Queen was adamant and insisted upon having her keys of office forthwith.

The incident of the jewels had been only one of the lesser causes of friction. A larger one was Blenheim Palace, that monolithic monument to the Queen's glory, which had also to serve as the home of the Marlboroughs for ever and ever. From the first, Marlborough, unlike his Duchess, had set his heart upon it. In his letters from the battlefields the invincible general (an Olympian figure whose very name was a bogey to the enemy) declared

himself a tired man with a headache, dreaming of peaches ripening on his walls at Woodstock, and of the day when he could retire there in quietness with Sarah, his 'dearest soull'.

Her letters to him were destroyed, but in his replies it is not difficult to detect her concern. 'You are very kind in desiring I would not expose myself to danger', he tells her after Ramillies. 'Be assured I love you so well and am so desirous of ending my days quietly with you, that I shall not venture myself but when it is absolutely necessary; and I am sure you are so kind to me, and wish so well to the common cause, that you had rather see me dead than not to do my duty. I am so persuaded that this campaign will bring us a good peace that I beg of you to do all you can that the house at Woodstock may be carried up as much as possible, that I may have a prospect of living in it'.

When favour declined, and with it the supplies from the Treasury which should have sped on the building, Marlborough wrote: 'When it is half built, it may be enough for you and me; and I do from my heart assure you, that I should be much better pleased to live with you in a cottage than in all the palaces this world has without you'.

The end of the story is not entirely tragic. In spite of dismissal and banishment, bereavement and ill health, John and Sarah did at last enjoy two summers at Blenheim; and we get a glimpse of them happily watching their grandchildren act in the Bow Window Room Dryden's *All For Love*. Later, as Marlborough lay dying at Windsor Lodge, Sarah, in the words of Sir Winston Churchill, 'prowled around his couch like a she-bear guarding its slowly dying mate, and tearing all, friend or foe, who approached'.

Any account of the twenty-two years of Sarah's widowhood must make sad hearing. Starved of the softening influence her character so much needed, she indulged in one lawsuit after another, and so brought misery to many. Many a lonely hour was spent in re-writing her self-vindication—her *Conduct* as she called it, and in copying out dismal maxims such as 'One should learn not to be weary of oneself'. Her health declined, till she wrote: 'All my ambition is to be a little easier and to walk with two sticks'. To Queen Anne, long since dead, she raised a statue. 'I have a satisfaction in showing this respect to her', she said, 'because her kindness to me was real and what happened afterwards was compassed by the contrivance of such as are in power now'. But she lived only for the memory of her husband.

When she died, leaving thirty estates, the richest woman in the world, Sarah directed that her funeral must be 'only decent and without Plumes or Escutcheons'. It was typical of her. The gods she had always worshipped were Thrift and Reason. There was no nonsense about her, 'no crooked wisdom', very little charity or compassion, but great courage, a rushing vitality, and a great deal of hard, cold sense.—*Home Service*

The Arts in Australia

By MAX HARRIS

ELEVEN thousand miles from Edinburgh, the provincial Australian city of Adelaide has lately completed its first Festival of Arts—the first festival of such a nature ever to be held in Australia, and, given some degree of success, it is intended to be a regular two-yearly event in our national life. It was certainly a success beyond the wildest imaginings of its organizers.

The vast geographical dispersion of Australia is not easy to imagine, but the great problem of this arts festival went beyond assembling artists and executive performers and actors from not only Britain and Europe but from within Australia. It was a problem of bringing together a truly representative picture of Australia's own artistic endeavour, which is considerable, to the one spot at the one time. It was also a matter of attracting people to the concerts, plays, and exhibitions from great distances. It is a costly business for a Brisbane citizen to come to Adelaide.

But this festival was a success both at the public level and

the artistic level. It was organized on the widest scale. For art the visitor could see no fewer than twenty different art exhibitions. For music he could attend an opera season of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust and countless symphonic programmes from the Adelaide, Sydney, and Melbourne Orchestras, with a variety of imported soloists. Theatrically, he could be entertained by Hugh Hunt's Elizabethan Trust production of *Murder in the Cathedral*, Sir Donald Wolfit's Shakespearean readings, the Hogarth puppets, an Australian play, the West Indian play *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl*, either of two intimate operas, or a splendid programme by Adelaide's Intimate Opera Group. Some nine books were published in conjunction with the festival, and writers flocked from all over Australia to present a dozen forums and public poetry readings.

Before a single curtain went up or a single conductor walked on stage, some £50,000-worth of tickets had been sold. *Murder in the Cathedral* was booked out weeks in advance, opera tickets

were about as rare as they could be, and orchestral performances were booked to capacity. The National Gallery opened its doors and in the next five days 60,000 people walked in to see the modern Mexican paintings; 10,000 of these people paid two shillings to see the Turners which are on loan from the Tate Gallery in London, and they saw the modern British sculpture, graphic art, and the aboriginal bark paintings.

For the first time in Australian history there has been a marked change in the old aggressive chip-on-the-shoulder attitude of cultural inferiority. The defensive boastfulness is disappearing, and more and more there is the feeling that we are evolving our own indigenous idiom in poetry, literature, painting, and that our executant arts can be built up to a standard that will bear comparison with the older cultures of Europe. But it is an isolated business. We lack measuring sticks, comparative experiences, and critical standards. Not only are we remote from the European mainstream and, even more relevantly, the far more *sympatico* cultural life of the United States, but from each other. It is to be hoped that future arts festivals in Adelaide will increasingly acquire this sense of direction. Whereas Edinburgh aims simply to present new work of world standard and the highest level of performance, the Adelaide Festival should aim to correlate the indigenous cultural picture with a larger one.

Australia needs to find answers to a number of cultural questions. Is the Australian contemporary art movement developing a unique, environmentally determined style, or is it a remote reflection of School of Paris abstractions? To get an answer a contemporary Australian exhibition should face a similar exhibition from Europe across the walls of Adelaide's National Gallery. How do the poet-realists of Australian playwriting compare with the Osbornes and Weskers? Has the Elizabethan Theatre Trust managed to produce actors yet to match the best of English repertory work? This is our problem: the sense that we are producing our native culture, and also judging it, *in vacuo*.

The same problem exists even within the country. The lack of contact between city and city is prone to produce a series of regionalisms in intellectual life, and a complacency about standards. This was startlingly demonstrated in the orchestral work at the Adelaide Festival. With four State orchestras gathered in the one city, there was a keen edge to orchestral performance, and each orchestra played beyond itself, particularly the Sydney



Scene from the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's production of *Murder in the Cathedral* during the recent arts festival at Adelaide. The part of Thomas à Becket was taken by Robert Speaight

Symphony Orchestra which has rarely performed at such a level in its home environment. An audience of fellow-musicians, perhaps only too ready to criticize, can have the effect of startling stimulation. And the Sydney Sinfonietta, the wind ensemble of the orchestra, may well have achieved a world standard of chamber music performance at this festival.

It is obvious that an arts festival in Australia, a bringing together, a conspectus of national creative work, is of far more *functional* importance than similar events in the older established cultures. It is one step, but only a small step, in breaking down the dichotomy of creative and destructive forces in Australian life in the large. I should like to essay some kind of explanation of this spiky, constant war of attrition between cultural and anti-cultural forces in Australia. It is not easy to explain, any more than it is easy for the visitor to understand when he encounters it. The Pringles, Muggeridges, Kingsley Martins, and J. B. Priestleys pass through Australia, they legitimately bridle at the apparently gross philistinism and over-democratization of values, and depart with their minds firmly made up. Alas, many of us here had hoped they would have seen deep into the struggle of cultural ideologies and thrown their weight behind the angels.

On one side Australia has had a long tradition of cultural illiberalism—of overt philistinism, if you like to put it that way. Against this we have few social institutions with the power and co-ordinating capacity to build up standards in the arts against the indifference and even hostility of politicians, officialdom, sectarian groups, and a public trained only to the pleasures of surfing, horse-racing, and 'two-up'. The task of guarding and building up artistic standards falls on the Australian Broadcasting Commission in music, literature, criticism, and intellectual life in general; on the relatively newly created Elizabethan Theatre Trust in the field of the living drama and opera. Australian literature gains its support from a Commonwealth Literary Fund and the activities of a single semi-monopolistic publishing company. Art has developed little on the national scale, although a Museum of Modern Art of Australia is now in its incipient phases, and art patronage devolves upon the unrelated policies of half a dozen State-owned galleries in the capital cities.



'Burke and Wills leaving Melbourne': a painting (1952) by Sidney Nolan. The two men were Irish explorers who lost their lives while crossing the Australian continent

In the United Kingdom we imagine that cultural organizations gather their strength, sustenance, and impetus from a supported background of politics, public administration, and an articulate public which has its means of expression through an intellectual daily and weekly press and strong private organizations. In Australia the politico-social background is a source of conflict, not sustenance. The educated public, lacking anything in the way of serious newspapers or a powerful weekly journalism, can scarcely make themselves heard.

The best-known aspect of Australia's illiberal tradition is our customs censorship of books. Only a couple of years back Australia ran a bad second to Eire, with a grand total of 1,100 banned books. The list was only sexual in character; there were no political or religious bannings; and the world was amused by some most astonishing bannings. No one has yet been able to discover the erotic content of George Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London*. Humourless and ugly philistinism erupts too regularly and too horribly to be taken as freakish in Australia. The illiberalism which so impresses and depresses the overseas visitor is more in the nature of a pervasive attitude. J. D. Pringle, in his *Australian Accent*, pinpointed it at the political level. There is a vulgarity about the Australian political mind, a disinterest in the civilized values, which is no monopoly of either political party. To the Liberal Party the arts represent investment without profit and therefore a parasitic element in the community's life; the Labour Party thinks of the arts as playthings of the leisured class. Together they consider the arts as things which rightly should exist of themselves, as suspect interlopers when they intrude into the arena of government.

Egalitarian Contempt for the Intellectual

But the greatest impingement is made at the level of Australian social mores. The visitor to Australia finds the pub something of an alcoholic pig-swill, restaurant life either dingy or pretentious, the relationship of the sexes extraordinarily uncouth—especially the barbarous segregation of the sexes at parties, where males gather round the keg of beer and the females sit in state together. Worst of all he often finds an egalitarian contempt for the intellectual, something that hints at an active dislike of intelligence. There is no denying the presence of this popular 'climate' of feeling, but it must not be overestimated: particularly the social mores which infallibly so disturb the educated foreigner.

First, social mores are largely a matter of personal attunement, and it is the totality of the human situation which must finally be sensed. Any poor person born to one social surrounding finds it hard to accept the day-by-day details of an alien context. Things are neither wholly bad nor wholly good in the podesan or the antipodean milkwoods. The Australian, for instance, takes a dim view of British hygiene. In other words it is not wise to place too much stress on social 'ethos' as J. B. Priestley did during his short and jaundiced tour. But of Australia it can be said that a habituated antipathy to things artistic and intellectual does provide a mass foundation for the political and administrative disinterest in culture and national standards of cultural life.

Yet it is not wise to diagnose the Australian cultural ethos from these anti-intellectual absurdities. Cultural vitality comes from the grass-roots, from the actual creative workers themselves. There is no fixed rule which indicates the conditions under which the creative mind flourishes. The social pressures of the Southern States of America have produced an impressive body of writing. Liberal intellectualism revived under the onslaughts of McCarthy in the U.S.A. Australian creativity may not be developing the less impressively because of a public overlayer of hostility or indifference.

The greatest patron of the arts in Australia is the Australian Broadcasting Commission, a public service body with a constitution of a similar kind to the British Broadcasting Corporation. A tremendous role of cultural responsibility has devolved upon it, but yet it is envisaged by both government and business merely as a complex of radio stations to which the economics of commercial broadcasting should apply. But the A.B.C. has assumed national responsibilities which are not measurable in terms of business economics. In education, for example, Australia has a special problem: a vast geographical area which would swallow Europe, and sparsely populated. This means that the A.B.C. has

to play a more than normally important part as an educational medium, to reach schools which lack facilities, to provide a kindergarten of the air to reach the large proportion of small children who have no access to pre-school kindergartens.

Overseas the A.B.C. is known as the world's largest musical entrepreneur, and the standard and variety of overseas artists it imports is, indeed, amazing. Within the country it is the sole and total patron of musical performance. This means that the A.B.C.'s efforts in musical life also involve a grim struggle with the economics of the situation. To maintain the size of orchestras and standards in each of the six States the A.B.C. cannot afford to produce yearly figures of increasing and devastating loss to the Federal Government. It must therefore work harder and harder to earn more and more civic subsidy for its orchestras.

Under these pressures and strains, however, there is also the larger national question of the musical standards of these orchestras. How can the A.B.C. give time, attention, and creative dedication to build up orchestras to international standards and at the same time set out in the hottest possible pursuit of income? It is a schizophrenic situation. Whereas the B.B.C.'s autonomy is real and apparent, the A.B.C.'s autonomy is apparent rather than real. It is suspect, constantly subject to political attack for being politically 'biased' one way or the other. This makes it an uncomfortable business to maintain free, uninhibited intellectual discussion. The A.B.C. is very much at the mercy of the 'average' listener, but it is slowly and wisely building up a tradition of unrestricted forums and virile debate. On the other hand the ambitions of its radio drama department have suffered culturally with the onset of television. None the less it provides the largest percentage of income an actor can hope to earn regularly in Australia, and although Australia is richly endowed with literary quarterlies, it is to the A.B.C. that the poet must look for more than a coterie hearing of his poetry.

It is only five years since the decision that Australia should develop a National Theatre. The Elizabethan Theatre Trust, under the control of Hugh Hunt, has not had an easy row to hoe. Poorly subsidized, confronted with heartbreaking tasks and responsibilities, in competition with a private and almost monopoly theatrical entrepreneur, having to create audiences as well as drama in the middle of a vast movement towards 'admass' entertainment, there has been an air of quixotry and heroism even in its failures. That it could mount and stage two such events as the three major operas and *Murder in the Cathedral* at the same time as its Melbourne Repertory Company presented *Moby Dick—Rehearsed* in Sydney shows the present scale of its operations. From its stimulus has come Sydney University's course of Dramatic Art, and the recent foundation of its own Acting School. At the educational fringe of theatre its presence has prompted an Australian *Theatre Yearbook* of excellent quality, and the launching of an Australian theatre quarterly. But since it owes its existence and future to the taxpayer, the Trust must make its presence felt in every city of the Commonwealth: an expensive and substance-consuming business. It must look to the box office. This means it must be wary of experimenting with Australian plays and others which might be risky or marginal. Thus, it has no Australian plays at all programmed for 1960, although its *raison d'être* is the development of an indigenous drama. The only answer is a counsel of patience. But meanwhile, at the operative level, Australian playwrights now have little chance to learn their craft through experience in the theatre.

'Very Slow Yacka'

It is all very slow yacka, as we say in Australia of all back-breaking occasions, and it might appear a forbidding and unpromising picture I have painted. There has been no consideration, however, of what underlies all this, and that is the beginnings of a burning sense of national identity at the grass roots. At the creative level of the arts surprising things may be happening in Australia. Artists like Drysdale and Nolan; writers like Patrick White, Randolph Stow, and others; playwrights like Ray Lawler are felt to be spearheads of an advancing culture. This makes Australia an exciting place to live in. For the first time in our short history we feel we have a culture of our own—harsh, episodic, ill-defined, but none the less our own. The age of the colonial philistine is nearly over.—*Third Programme*

The Basis of Barrie's Achievement

By ROBERT KEMP

SIR JAMES BARRIE was a weird little man with a single valid preoccupation, which arose from a traumatic experience in his childhood. When he was a small boy his elder brother had a skating accident; from which he died. Many people lose brother or sister in early life without turning into Barries. Yet the convolutions of the event were peculiar, and significant. This brother was absent from home, and the first word of the accident spoke of injury, not death. The family hurried off to Kirriemuir station to travel to his bedside. On the brae they were caught by a messenger with a telegram to say he had since died. The family faced about and walked silently home.

For Barrie's mother—the singularly lethal woman whom he later attempted to glorify as Margaret Ogilvy—the sun rose and set in this boy who was now dead. She retired to bed, inconsolable. After some days, or even weeks, young James was sent in to try to divert her. 'Who's there?' she asked, to which the child, thinking she expected his dead brother, made the tragic response: 'It's only me'.

I have thought for a long time that the two most characteristic strands in Barrie's work must be associated with this incident. Given a boy who was a born writer—and I defy anyone who has read the description of the glen under the snow or the coming of steam power to Thrums in the *Auld Licht Idylls* to deny that he was—it seems clear to me that it exercised a lasting effect on his imagination. It dominated the brooding of his mind and gave a strange reality to those sides of his work which have bewildered, and even infuriated, critics. Some of the manifestations which seem to be most far-fetched are, we come to understand, based on a personal and terrifying experience. I think it is wiser to discuss Barrie by its light than in terms of a mother-fixation, or some other psychological term which is only a label for a condition so general among the sons of women as scarcely to deserve the importance assigned to it.

The two strands to which I refer are the mystery of the child who is gone and the inadequacy of the child who remains. The child who is gone is the idolized boy and the child who remains is the unregarded survivor vainly trying to impress his mother. A natural development of the theme of the child gone is, of course, the might-have-been, the big 'if'. These two strands are exhibited in all the work which the world insists upon regarding as essential Barrie. They are seen in the all-conquering glamour of Peter Pan and the Lost Boys on the one hand—they are the lovely child who has vanished—and in the repulsive shiftiness of Mr. Darling, the inadequate one who has remained and grown to man's estate. In *Dear Brutus* they are seen in the bright innocence of Margaret, on the one hand, and in the failure of Dearth on the other. They emerge again in *Mary Rose*, in the arrested child's nature of the girl and the world-weariness of those who remained behind. The child who never existed except as a dream, the child who returned to the world, the child who was able to refuse the dreary adult state—surely these are all facets of the same experience.

The two strands are not, perhaps, so clearly united and balanced in his other work. Yet John Shand in *What Every Woman Knows* is the ultimate monument of inadequacy, and the second act of *The Admirable Crichton*, as much as the second act of *Dear Brutus*, is an exercise in the might-have-been. One can trace the strand even in *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*. The Old Lady had, in fact, no son. The dream materialized for a moment in the stray Scots soldier, only to vanish again.

To me at least it is difficult to resist the conclusion that what

we today think of as most typical of Barrie, and what has proved itself most mensorable, springs from the twist which this early incident introduced into his mind. Even Miss Julie Logan had to vanish, and bound up with the feeling of inadequacy was the worship both of men of action like Captain Scott and of visible, tangible success for its own sake. When you come to think of it, the theme of the dead child of glory and the living child of inglorious is a marvellous theme, as primitive and basic as a nightmare, yet it unfortunately did give free play to a silly side of Barrie, which was not curbed by the taste of his age, was indeed actively encouraged by it. We have to face the fact that in Barrie the ballad-like touch of the supernatural and the smudge of foolishness can never be disentangled.

Nevertheless, I do not really feel in the mood to be ashamed of Barrie. Of course, he maddens the worthiest people. Scots say he made a fool of Scotland, but the Scots have been doing that for so long that I don't see why they should pick on him. I was amused by the strange anger of David Daiches in a Third Programme talk*. Barrie has been a source of anger to many, which is largely a sign of life. He seems a long way away now, and



J. M. Barrie as a young man

I find myself forgetting that there was so much about him that was distasteful, such as his penchant for the best people, who always felt so uncomfortable about him in return, though never unwilling to benefit where possible. The reason one is willing to forget these things is surely that the man was a poet in the theatre. By that I do not mean that he wrote poetry: I mean that he evoked something magically in the theatre. Often, when you came out, the magic was not there, and when you read the words it still might not be there; but it was there all right in the darkened auditorium.

I wonder if Barrie is standing up to time much worse than his other gifted contemporaries. Shaw's social pleading seems tedious and superfluous, perhaps because events have made it so. We realize with a shock that the appeal of *Pygmalion* is simply that it is the phonetician's *Cinderella*. Who, if it comes to that, reads Barrie? The Old Vic revived *What Every Woman Knows*, not to my mind the best choice because though it contains a smaller proportion of whimsy, it is not quite the essential Barrie. *Mary Rose* was, I believe, a considerable success on television. *Peter Pan* goes obstinately on, refusing not only to grow up but also to be pushed aside. Everybody fixes on the line about believing in fairies, but there is a good deal of wonderful stuff in *Peter Pan*.

Barrie was a very odd fish. So, it seems, was Kenneth Grahame. So, I suspect, are most men of genius.—*Scottish Home Service*

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

June 1-7

Wednesday, June 1

The Chandos Committee in its report on Britain's trans-Atlantic passenger liners recommends a replacement for the 'Queen Mary'

About 400 deputies of the Democratic Party (the former ruling party) are arrested in Turkey

The Derby is won by St. Paddy ridden by Lester Piggott

Thursday, June 2

Russia makes new proposals on disarmament to the Western Powers

A committee set up by the Minister of Education recommends that more grants should be made for university students and that parents should contribute less

Friday, June 3

At a news conference in Moscow, Mr. Khrushchev makes another attack on President Eisenhower and repeats his threats about intelligence flights by foreign aircraft over Russia

It is announced that Mr. Khrushchev has accepted an invitation to visit Cuba

The Transport and General Workers' Union reaffirms its support of unilateral nuclear disarmament by Britain and also of Clause 4 of the Labour Party's constitution

Saturday, June 4

Mr. Herter, American Secretary of State, condemns Mr. Khrushchev's personal attacks on President Eisenhower

Left-wing demonstrations take place in Tokyo against the defence treaty with the United States

Sunday, June 5

A British team of scientists is to visit Australia to examine the possibility of using the Blue Streak missile for the exploration of space

It is reported by the motoring organizations to be the busiest Whit Sunday on record on the roads, with 32,000 cars leaving London every hour

Monday, June 6

Britain and the U.S. are to co-operate in developing the air-to-ground 'Skybolt' missile

All the 125 Socialist members of the Japanese Parliament decide to resign in an attempt to delay the new defence treaty with the United States

Tuesday, June 7

South Africans are warned by their Minister of Transport that they will have to tighten their belt if the trade boycott in various parts of the world grows

The disarmament conference is resumed in Geneva



General Cemal Gursel, who took over control of Turkey after the recent *coup* by the army in which Mr. Menderes, the former Prime Minister, was deposed, presiding at his first Cabinet meeting in Ankara on May 30. On his right is Mr. Gozubuyuk, Minister of the Interior, and on his left, Mr. Artuz, Minister of State



The first public demonstration at Bedford on May 31 of the S.C.1, a research aircraft which can take off and land vertically



A photograph of some of their widespread demonstrations



A new pair of...

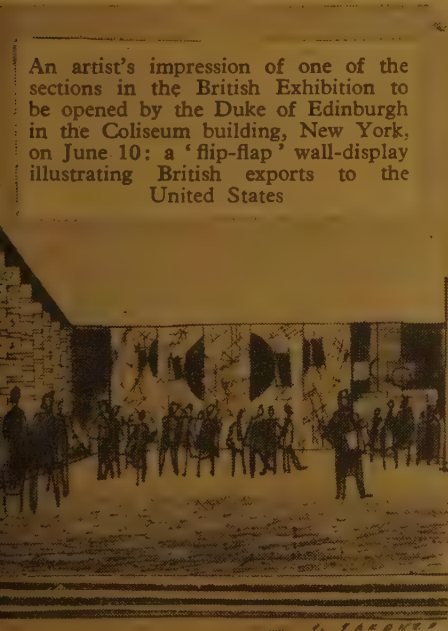
Left: Sunday...



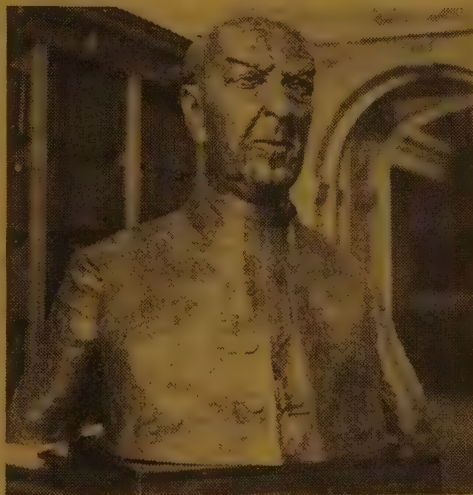
Citizens of the Chilean town of Corral salvaging debris from one of the earthquakes which recently caused damage to the country. About 10,000 people are estimated to have lost their lives



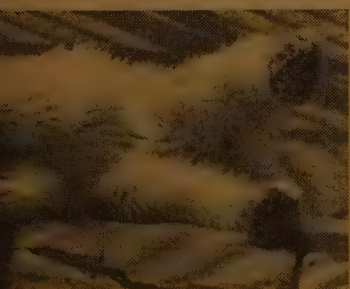
Damage to houses in Ishimaki, one of the coastal towns of Japan swept by tidal waves caused by shocks from the Chilean earthquakes which travelled 9,000 miles across the Pacific



An artist's impression of one of the sections in the British Exhibition to be opened by the Duke of Edinburgh in the Coliseum building, New York, on June 10: a 'flip-flap' wall-display illustrating British exports to the United States



A bust of the Archbishop of Canterbury by the late Sir Jacob Epstein, which is included in an exhibition at Lambeth Palace Library marking the 350th anniversary of its foundation



A jet arriving at the London Zoo: one of a T.U.104 jet airliner

of the beach at Brighton on Whit



Princess Alexandra receiving a bouquet from an eight-year-old Yugoslavian refugee at a rally held at the Royal Albert Hall on May 30 marking the conclusion of World Refugee Year. Britain's total contribution was £8,000,000, four times the original target

Left: One of the winners in action during this year's sheep dog trials held in Hyde Park, London, on June 4. The owner was Mr. Merion Jones from Merionethshire, North Wales

Music in Moscow Today

By ARTHUR JACOBS

I MET a monster on my recent tour in Moscow, a monster called *avangardismus*. Russian musical theorists have taken the French word *avant-garde*, and given it the derogatory significance of what is just fashionably novel in art as distinct from what is really new and progressive. At the Union of Soviet Composers I was told that everything from Schönberg to Boulez counted as *avangardismus*, and that the Russians wanted nothing to do with it. Thus, though in the West the actual partisans of Schönberg may conceivably loathe Boulez, this mythical Muscovite monster has been invented to identify everything connected with the twentieth century's most revolutionary musical step, the break-away from tonality.

At this discussion at the Union of Soviet Composers I noted that the official Soviet view was being put forward not by composers but by two musicologists: Yuri Keldysh, who edits the chief Russian musical magazine, which may carry a cover picture of Tchaikovsky one month and Lenin the next, and Ivan Martinov. The distinguished composer Yuri Shaporin, who is seventy-two, said little, and none of the younger composers, like Sviridov and Shchedrin was present.

Shchedrin, aged twenty-eight, is the composer of *The Little Humpbacked Horse*, a new full-length ballet at the Bolshoi. It is a clever, well-varied score, but in an idiom which would have been modern at the time of Stravinsky's *Firebird*. Sviridov is two years younger than Benjamin Britten, but I heard some of his part-songs that might almost have come from Stanford. However, I suspect that they, or some of their contemporaries, may be privately composing in a more radical vein than they are allowed to show publicly—just as, in a Moscow flat, I was shown Soviet modern paintings which are being circulated privately because the dogma of socialist realism keeps them from the public galleries.

From talking to Soviet musical theorists, one might think a dogma is in as strong control as in the dark days of Zhdanov. But leave the theorists and come into the field of public performance, and one can be sure it is not. Most obviously, the Bolshoi is now mounting the first production of Prokofiev's last opera, *The Story of a Real Man*, which was completed in 1948 but never staged in the composer's lifetime because its music was denounced after a private hearing as 'extremely formalist, anti-melodious', and so on. The opera concerns an actual Soviet pilot of the second world war

who lost both legs but returned to combat. Certainly the music, even today, is remarkable for a kind of detached, objective quality; and the Moscow public will now judge for itself, helped by a type of non-realist staging which cuts clean away from the detailed scenic realism by which the Bolshoi productions usually seem to show us every leaf on every tree in a forest.



A scene from *The Little Humpbacked Horse*, based on a fairy tale by P. Yershov, being performed by the Bolshoi Ballet company: the music is by R. Shchedrin

Or there is the matter of twelve-note music. Officially it is decadent, it is *avangardismus*. When I talked to the distinguished Soviet conductor Gennadi Rozhdestvensky (who conducted the Prokofiev opera), he told me he plans to give Moscow the violin concerto by Alban Berg, with a young Soviet violinist. Mr. Rozhdestvensky also admires Stravinsky's Septet of 1952—and would like, as a pianist, to join in a public performance. The music of Stravinsky is by no means as unknown in Moscow as Stravinsky implied a little while ago; not only are his early works played, *The Firebird*, *Petrushka*, and so on; so also is the Dumbarton Oaks Concerto, and I note in the Moscow Philharmonic prospectus for next season Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements, dated 1945.

More and more genuinely modern works from overseas are being given, even if difficult to grasp and opposed in temperament to what Soviet composers are required to show in their own works. I saw a poster announcing that the first Moscow performance of Bartók's Violin Concerto—not the early concerto which Menuhin has just introduced to London, but the well-known Bartók Concerto which had its original first performance in 1939. Perhaps even more astonishing was to see the announcement that Brahms's Requiem was having its

first Moscow performance—a sign, doubtless, of the diminishing taboo on works with religious texts.

It seems to me there is a nice dialectic sign of contradiction here. On the one hand Soviet composers are still strait-jacketed, officially at least, by Soviet theorists, and you certainly will not find in Moscow those public experimental concerts which you would find almost anywhere else from San Francisco to Warsaw. On the other hand, the Soviet public is hearing an ever-broader range of the world's modern music. Soviet virtuosos going abroad bring back what scores and records they like; and foreign performers visiting Russia bring right into the concert-hall works officially condemned, as Glenn Gould brought Webern.

But a Western critic should be careful before taking a holier-than-thou attitude to Soviet music. The first item at a choral concert in Moscow took me aback with the words 'Glory to our great Motherland, glory to our party'; but it is not in Russia that they play the national anthem every night in the theatre.

Again, some of those London concerts of very, very eccentric music make me think kindly of the Leninist

slogan of art for the broad masses. But I am a little suspicious of slogans on either side. A visit to Moscow suggests that one ought to pay a little less attention to Soviet theorists and a little more to what Russian companies, performers, and critics actually are doing. They may surprise us yet.—'Comment' (Third Programme)

Two from One Makes Three

New lovers are both jealous of a third
Whose ghost was laid somewhat too easily:
Of love's arithmetic they haven't heard,
That all too often two from one makes three.
They weigh the triumph of their 'unique' loves,
Cheating the scales with dubious aplomb,
For being Stolen or a Stealer proves
Not quite the same as being Stolen from,
And when the object of desire's a word,
'A 'you' sounds duller than a 'he' or 'she',
Denotes proximity and yet removes
That anguish that develops like a bomb,
Slowly, inside a lover thrust apart,
The gorgeous shrapnel of his broken heart.

JOHN FULLER

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Pressure at Eighteen-plus

Sir,—The Third Programme broadcast about 'eighteen-plus' (THE LISTENER, June 2) is bound to stimulate discussion in a field where opinions, or prejudices, are two-a-penny even in this inflated age, and I wonder if I might be permitted to have a pennyworth.

Programmes of this kind are better, *i.e.* more coherent, if they are based on an attitude and, in this case, we saw the changing educational system through the viewpoint of Mr. Michael Young's meritocracy. The schools cannot do this better. Tutoring bright children to pass examinations is their natural function and therefore by eroding away the obstacles created by money, power, influence, social custom, class, the 'greyhound' stream will be more in evidence than ever; and what is more the need to be one of the pack becomes more pressing than ever before. Opportunity for all ends up as success for the few: the rest are failures, at least looked at in this peculiar way. But how can one say that 75 per cent. of the children have failed because they did not enter grammar school, or 95 per cent. failed because they are not going to university, or 99½ per cent. because they did not make Oxbridge?

I question the assumption that the acquisition of examination knowledge and examination techniques is so supremely important that not to have acquired either is counted a failure of individual development or a denial of individual right. The seeming paradox is that what is so valuable in university education will in the present circumstances be lost by the pursuit after it of too large a number. The trouble is that in a society which is tending to become less diversified in its educational system, in the sense that all roads lead to university, the fear arises in the minds of parents and children that not to have a degree is to have lost the chance of guaranteed entry to the desirable income levels and the more interesting and worth-while jobs.

As an Appointments Secretary (I speak for myself and not the Board) it is this aspect that upsets me most of all. It is one of the main driving forces behind the demand for university education and yet it was no more than hinted at in the whole of the programme. It is worth raising the hoary question of 'education for what?' To produce scholars or management trainees, teachers or production engineers, academics or a vocationally trained élite? It is very important that in the debate centring on university development we do not lose sight of the education of the individual as a balanced person morally and intellectually and not solely as a high-road for the most able computer of words or figures. This implies a view of sixth-form education which is not exclusively linked to university entrance requirements and it does not imply adding as an afterthought a general course for those who are not high-fliers. There must be room for horizontal development for all those who wish it and moreover they must be able to see equal opportunities provided by technical, commercial, and general adult educa-

tion which will open the way to professional opportunities. We have not yet gone so far that this cannot be a possibility but doubling undergraduate members in a decade makes it appear unlikely. Of course the harrowing picture presented to us of five-year-old infants being streamed *alpha* and *beta* can be avoided if university entrance is thrown open to all!

Yours, etc.,

Hull University

A. A. DON

Sir,—Mr. Michael Young's programme has done a great service to education and, encouraged by him, I rush in where, I presume, angels have feared to tread. If it is 'possible and honest' for provincial universities 'to sing their praises', even though they may be known only to one in a hundred, how much more must this be true of a college of advanced technology which will consider itself fortunate if one in a thousand know that its students have the choice of reading either for exactly the same internal degree of London University as their better-known fellows at, say, University College, London, or else for the Diploma in Technology which for many may provide a better and more suited education.

It was because I firmly believe that we and others like us have something to offer that is worth having and that is not sufficiently well known, that I last year ran a clearing house for intending physics students who had been unable to find a place at either a university or a college of technology. It is intended for those who do not think themselves the lowest of the low if they are refused at Oxbridge, but who, in Lord James's phrase, would like to apply in the knowledge that given the necessary ability they will get a university education somewhere. Last year I placed all those who applied, and I have every hope that I will do the same again this year.

Anyone, therefore, who would like a higher education in physics, who is prepared to receive it from one of the lesser known universities or from a college of advanced technology, and who has been unable to find a place anywhere by August 31 of this year, should write to me, enclosing nothing except a stamped addressed envelope, size nine inches by four inches. I do not think that I shall fail him.

Yours, etc.,

Battersea College of Technology,
Battersea Park Road, London, S.W.11
L. R. B. ELTON,
Head of Department of Physics

Sir,—It is sad to see you endorsing editorially Mr. Michael Young's preposterous picture (THE LISTENER, June 2) of universities and entrance to them. Mr. Young presents such a pathetic farrago of naivety, exaggeration, and distortion that it would take an article as long as his to correct him. But four points should be made, however briefly.

First: it is grotesque to suggest that university and grammar school pressures are responsible for ability-groupings in primary schools. What

would Mr. Young as a teacher of infants do? Hold back the quick readers to the pace of the slowest or try to force the dull children to the rate of progress of the brightest? 'Streaming' has nothing whatever to do with 'pressures' from anyone; it is a realistic and kindly attempt to adjust school work to the varying abilities of pupils—whether in the infants' school or in the mathematical sets of fifteen-year-olds.

Second: the pressure that universities exert on school curricula is grossly exaggerated. Much of what we do now in the schools we have been doing for years, and would do regardless of what universities demand. Of course, there is a properly close traditional association between the university and the work of our sixth forms—both derive from what might be called the special educational values of our civilization and no doubt stem from Renaissance ideals. But to suggest that our work is distorted and strait-jacketed by university requirements is absurd.

Third: the notion that there is a great mass of suitable boys and girls deprived of university places by sinister limitation on entry is based on no factual evidence whatever. Over a third of the intake into this ordinary maintained school go to universities, and in ten years of headmastering (in two schools) I have never had a boy who should have had a university place but who has failed to get one. (I could mention a few who were precious lucky to get in!)

Fourth: the attitude to Oxford and Cambridge shown both by Mr. Young and by you in your editorial is as deplorable as it is unreal. It is deplorable because it appears to resent distinction and superiority and it is unreal because the 'social cachet' idea is as dead as the British Empire. My son is going to Cambridge for the same reason as 10 per cent. of my pupils successfully struggle to get to Oxbridge: that what is provided there is *better* educationally than what is provided elsewhere (just as, according to the Consumers' Association no doubt, some washing machines are better than others).

This is not—of course—to decry the provincial universities—about which we know a great deal more than Mr. Young believes. Dr. Pedley's suggestion is characteristically muddled-headed: to deprive 15,000 young people of the opportunity of Oxbridge for the sake of bolstering up other universities is an odd kind of radicalism.

To refer to the standards reached nowadays by our young people—or to standards at all—is as unfashionable as to remember the near-doubling of university places in the last half a dozen years. The avant-garde intellectual prefers his melancholy masochism directed to the system that produced him. But those of us who actually operate the system—with its admitted practical defects of the sort referred to by Lord James—prefer to acknowledge its virtues.

And who in Heaven's name wants 'an egalitarian educational system' anyway? The electorate doesn't.—Yours, etc.,
Chislehurst and Sidcup Grammar School for Boys
R. R. PEDLEY,
Headmaster

Sir,—I am afraid I totally fail to follow the argument in the last paragraphs of Mr. Michael Young's article. His main complaint would seem to be that the educational system of this country is in a parlous condition, and likely to end in a catastrophic collapse within a decade if nothing is done. He says that the chief trouble with university admission is not that there are not enough university places, but that there are not places at Oxford and Cambridge. He then reviles these places for not doing something about this; what, for instance? Lowering their standards to persuade teachers that really they are not worth trying to enter? He had earlier admitted that 'the relative prestige of the modern universities' must be raised; and this would seem to be the only solution, if the situation is really as he describes it.

But the wild last two paragraphs of his article, that one might have expected to enshrine all that he felt, spoil the effect; I have already mentioned his strange attack on Oxford and Cambridge: '... the schools ... could be saved by Oxford and Cambridge ... if [they] ... would accept a measure of responsibility ... for the educational system as a whole'. It seems a pity that, if this is really Mr. Young's point, he did not spend his article discussing and explaining it—at the moment its meaning is not very clear, and it is not helped by the next sentence, in its context entirely irrelevant: 'There would be more hope if the ancient universities would let the light of research penetrate behind their own walls'. (What on earth does this mean? He wants a Royal Commission to research into the universities? It seems rather strange to mention so fundamental a suggestion so obliquely—or does he want research to be carried on in the science laboratories?) '... and send out all over the world to find how other universities manage in other countries'. Sir, there is no comparison between Oxford and Cambridge and what passes as a university in other countries; this is not, however, the place to discuss this question. Mr. Young has the telescope the wrong way round; other educational establishments come to Oxford.

Finally he draws a comparison between 'Oxford' and the British Empire which, to say the least, is obscure—if this is really his main point, why, oh why, does he not spend his time on it? And if not, why drag it in at the end? The educational system of this country may have defects, and if so it is good for them to be pointed out—but when alterations have been made, it is dreadfully hard to correct them if they later prove to have been made on completely wrong premises; and I fear thinking as muddled as Mr. Young's may well lead to such a situation.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

P. J. FREEMAN

Barrie, the Sexless Sentimentalist

Sir,—As Mr. Rowse says, Mr. Daiches has made a very interesting analysis of J. M. Barrie's work and one which raises a number of questions. It seemed to me that Mr. Daiches's use of the stage directions in presenting his 'case' was a little unfair. Barrie's 'confidential' discussions in the stage directions may tell something about the man and even something about his attitude to his art—that of writing plays in particular—but they do not in themselves affect the plays in the theatre. These should be judged as plays.

The directions which offend Mr. Daiches recall the two quatrains on Barrie at rehearsal

which Hardy wrote—they can be found in the collected plays—some time in the nineteen-twenties, presumably. What struck Hardy was that Barrie could stand at a rehearsal of one of his own plays 'as though a mummers show did not at all concern him'.

Perhaps this detachment allowed him to make the queer sallies in the stage directions. It always seemed to me that these were Barrie's development of the Shavian fashion in stage directions, and that Barrie may have deliberately avoided the Shavian tone.

Having brought Hardy and Shaw into the discussion, however, there arises the further question that, Barrie being such a poor thing, how were such men to be taken in? It would seem likely that even if all Mr. Daiches's points are allowed, people like Hardy and Shaw did find some really likable, and not just sentimental, qualities in Barrie.

Professor Jung, I believe, has written off Shaw as a Peter Pan too, but nevertheless there would seem to be positive qualities in both dramatists, and of those in Barrie we have heard little. Centenaries have little value for others than journalists, but it would be much better to find out what a man's work is rather than only what it is not.—Yours, etc.,

Darlington

BERNARD JONES

Sir,—Mr. David Daiches's analysis of certain aspects of Barrie reminds me painfully of R. L. Stevenson's estimate of Thoreau. 'He was almost shockingly devoid of weakness', writes Stevenson. 'He never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the state; he ate no flesh; he drank no wine; he never knew the use of tobacco'. How shocking! Mr. Daiches thinks Barrie's powers of sublimation rather terrifying. He 'squirms with embarrassment' when he reads *Peter Pan*, whom he confuses with the classical Pan not because Barrie describes any sensual cantrips but because he has degenerated Peter into a 'whimsical symbol of permanent pre-puberty'.

Stevenson was genuinely revolted at Thoreau's virtues and, because he was trying to excuse his own physical and emotional weaknesses, he was convinced that normality consisted of eating dead animals and drinking the fermented juices of the vine. Mr. Daiches is horrified by Barrie's powers of sublimation when he tries to direct primitive impulses into cultural and social channels which, after all, is the genesis of all art according to one school of psycho-analysts.

Stevenson writes: 'A man may be both coldly cruel in the pursuit of goodness and morbid even in the pursuit of health'. It is better presumably to nurse a tubercular lung in Samoa.

Mr. Daiches calls Barrie a sexless sentimentalist and reiterates *ad nauseam* phrases like 'adult human relationship', 'mature human relationship', 'fully realized relationship', 'real human relationship', meaning, presumably, consummated sexuality. Just as Stevenson revealed more of himself in his essay than he illuminated Thoreau, Mr. Daiches gave his listeners more light into the dim recesses of his own mind while he kept the real Barrie in the shadows. Mr. Daiches's subject was not really Barrie; it was a postulate that sex is the final goal of human relationship and in that connexion demonstrates he has not quite rid himself of the influence of the pentateuch.

Heaven knows, in our sex-saturated society, the propensities common to man and the lower animals are patent enough, but surely a fine artist like Barrie, who has experience of what has been euphemistically described as connubial bliss, can be credited with some of the discernment of Tolstoy or Gandhi or Bernard Shaw who were all converts to celibacy and all possessed of fewer scruples than Barrie.

If 'fully realized human relationship' can be interpreted only in terms of sex I suggest the apostles of this creed should canonize Dr. Barry as their patron saint and leave poor Jamie Barrie alone until they understand something of the strivings of the mind and the spirit.

Yours, etc.,

Annan

A. I. MILTON

Paper-back Books

Sir,—Your suggestion (THE LISTENER, May 26) that Benn's 'sixpenny series' was the first of this type of publication is hardly correct. I remember several of such series of paper-backs which flourished over fifty years ago. For example, the Rationalist Press Association began in 1902 its series of 'sixpenny reprints' of books of science, ethics, philosophy, biographies, etc., of which over 4,000,000 copies were sold. I remember also W. T. Stead's 'Books for the Bairns', a long series of children's classics which had an enormous sale at the price of 2d. per volume!—Yours, etc.,

Geneva

J. W. NIXON

Alan Bush's 'Men of Blackmoor'

Sir,—I was particularly interested to read Mr. Colin Mason's article on the music of Alan Bush in THE LISTENER of May 26, since this composer's *Men of Blackmoor* has been chosen for the Oxford University Opera Club's major production this year. Thus the British première (the first of four performances) will take place on Wednesday, November 30, in the Town Hall, Oxford. The opera will be produced by John Duncan and conducted by Professor J. A. Westrup.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

R. J. S. CROSSLEY, President
Oxford University Opera Club

'The Leopard'

Sir,—I have read the review of the novel *The Leopard* by Giuseppe di Lampedusa in THE LISTENER, as well as in other British and American periodicals. The original title, as correctly stated in your article, is *Il Gattopardo*, not *Il Leopardo*, and in the French translation, which I am reading now, it is *Le Guépard*, which means 'the cheetah'.

I wonder why it has been translated into English as *The Leopard*. Can Mr. Archibald Colquhoun inform me?—Yours, etc.,

Frankfurt/M

DAVID F. SHAPIRO

Rudyard Kipling and Rider Haggard

Sir,—Messrs. Hutchinson and Company have commissioned me to write a book to be entitled *Rudyard Kipling and Rider Haggard: the Story of a Friendship*. I should appreciate hearing from persons who have any material or recollections bearing upon the friendship. I should also be grateful for information leading to periodical reports of public meetings at which both men appeared.—Yours, etc.,

MORTON N. COHEN

c/o Chase Manhattan Bank,
46, Berkeley Square, London, W.1

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

AT the Arthur Jeffress Gallery John Piper is showing paintings and water-colours of Venice, a theme which enables him to display all his ingenuities of technique. The most complex architectural details are swiftly suggested in a fluent and accomplished notation; an effect of brilliant sunlight is conveyed by splodges and scumblings of white, and deep shadow, perhaps not quite so successfully, by similarly treated areas of brown; arabesques of spidery white lines, laid on with a loaded brush, hint at the dazzle and glitter of sea and sky even though they are disposed in what may seem a completely arbitrary fashion.

All this, it may be thought, saves the artist the trouble of having to draw too much of St. Mark's or the Salute, since any awkward or wearisome passage may be discreetly veiled by several square inches of prettily concocted paint. But it also saves the spectator from a good deal of fatigue, the weariness of the spirit that comes from contemplating, for example, Samuel Prout's treatment of Gothic ornament; there are even some Canalettos which make one vividly aware of the possibility of getting draughtsman's cramp. So long as the general character of the building comes through, Piper's conjuring seems justified, and there can be no doubt that he has the art of getting the essentials of an architectural style in a few shorthand strokes.

But it has to be done on the right scale, and this, with a talent of more refinement than force, must be a fairly small one. In the larger canvases of three by four or four by five feet the artist's touch tends to lose its vitality and the mechanical methods used to enrich the texture and vary the surface become too apparent. The water-colours, on the other hand, are as fresh and spontaneous as one could wish and the more straightforward of them are among the most attractive of all Piper's works.

At the Waddington Galleries there is a series of eight paintings by Ivon Hitchens depicting various aspects of Warnford Water. They have all the qualities to be expected of his work, fresh and transparent colour which just, though only just, avoids being too sweet, a vague apparition of light and air, an easy balance of loosely defined forms. What one has to decide, and decide afresh in front of each picture, is whether this is all too effortless and empty or whether there is still preserved in this extreme simplification of the scene some genuine subtlety of observation. The pictures cannot be judged as abstractions, for as such they would be altogether

too flimsy; everything depends on whether the oblique and indirect references to nature are made with sufficient precision and intensity of feeling. The figure paintings also shown in the exhibition do not make it easier to give a reassuring answer to this question; these seem undeniably superficial in construction.

There is nothing slight or subtle about Cyril Reason's paintings at the Beaux Arts Gallery, where he shows himself ready to tackle anything

that of past masters, or more probably mistresses, of the craft; instead of trying to form a graceful little bouquet he gets an effect which is really surprisingly like that of his own paintings. The figures are particularly alarming and suggest, even if they are guaranteed not to achieve, a mouldering state.

E. R. Nele, a German sculptress whose work is to be seen at the Molton Gallery, seems to be aiming at a rather similar effect. She herself has

referred to 'growing or festering forms', as if she could not decide which was the more desirable, and Lawrence Alloway, who seems equally unable to make up his mind on this point, says that 'her imagery is always approaching a state of non-differentiation, where the human becomes a humus'. In point of fact the interest of some of her constructions of tortured metal is that they do manage to retain, in spite of all the extraordinary incrustations upon them, a human or animal vitality in pose and gesture.

In a summer exhibition which is to go on until September 1, the Redfern Gallery includes several interesting and some important works by modern French and other artists. There is a particularly choice group of works, mostly small, by Max Ernst, whose surrealist imagery no longer

shocks but seems playful in a civilized and sometimes even poetic fashion. There are several paintings by Nicolas de Staël, including 'Peinture: Fable 1945', a work which seems curiously cubist in character in spite of its date; it is admirably painted in dark and sumptuous colours. There is also a good little collection of paintings by the expressionist Jawlensky, and among several Graham Sutherlands a painting, 'Predatory Form', which can only be classified as science fiction.

Roland, Browse and Delbanco's Gallery has an exhibition, well chosen and with some agreeable surprises, of paintings and drawings by French artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. There are some splendid drawings and an exquisite pastel by Degas, one of the prettiest of Bonnard's landscapes, one of the sculptor Carpeaux's rare paintings, an excellent and rather impressionist portrait, and a large family group by Valtat, not coarse like some of his work but full of vitality and spirit. A still life by Roger Bissière has the quality of a Braque.

The National Gallery is to return this summer to its pre-war experiment of evening openings. Until the end of September, it will be open until 9.0 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays. For a month from June 7 refreshments will be available until 8.0 p.m.



'Barbares', by Max Ernst: from the exhibition at the Redfern Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1

from a life-sized nude in a foreshortened position to a crowd scene of cavalry on the march. Obviously he is not yet sure what he can do best or which side of his talent should in the end come uppermost; at times he constructs weighty forms, as in the rather impressive 'Woman Asleep on a Couch', with dogged persistence while at other times he is content with a lighter touch and an almost impressionist treatment that allows him to achieve delicate effects of colour. He often paints roughly, as if painting was for him a form of exploration and inquiry, but his work leaves the impression that when he has found what he is seeking it will be something worth while.

At Tooth's Gallery there are pictures by Dubuffet which are entirely composed of bits of dried vegetation, anything from a seed capsule to the skin of a banana; the catalogue identifies in a knowledgeable sort of way the various botanical specimens used in each picture and we are informed that they have been rendered aseptic so that there is no risk of these works, which cost a great deal of money, going mouldy. It is perhaps a pity that Dubuffet has not got round to using seaweed, out of which some pretty pictures were made in the last century, but his object is hardly the same as

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Music of Arthur Sullivan

By Gervase Hughes. Macmillan. 35s.

Reviewed by SCOTT GODDARD

A MALEVOLENT FATE pursued Arthur Sullivan even when he was alive, swamping what he considered his finer work in the tidal wave of his immense popularity as the writer of those beloved Savoy operettas. The recognition he wanted was not for that but for his work as an oratorio writer in *The Golden Legend*, a writer of grand opera in *Ivanhoe*, and a writer of symphonic music in the great tradition. After his death a similar fate descended on him like a cloud hiding the truth about the musician under the legend, about the incredible partnership with Gilbert, the fabulous first nights, the social success, the knighthood from Victoria, the friendship with Edward. Of the millions who continued to hear his music and be entertained by it, almost no one seems to have listened to it. As a result he has been subjected to more emotional enthusiasm than is good for any man's reputation and too little scholarly inquiry has been made into his qualities as a creative musician. In fact we have had enough semi-official twaddle about Gilbert and Sullivan, either together or separately; it has become as tiresome as the guffaws of the audiences of the initiated who dig each other in the ribs before, during, and after each delicious joke of Gilbert's and hum to Sullivan's tunes. It is time we stopped being silly and domestic and trite about these things. Ninety per cent. of us don't know what 'Greenery gallery, Grosvenor Gallery, Foot in the grave young man' means anyhow, while as for Sullivan's music we are no less wildly off the point.

Now Mr. Hughes comes along and begins to redress this disbalance between romance and reason. With the barest necessary mention of Sir Arthur, he concentrates upon Arthur Sullivan. He treats him seriously as a musician of considerable stature, traces his style back to a most honourable ancestry, and places him fairly among his contemporaries. He is an enthusiast, a connoisseur and a near-amorist saved by professional insight from the promiscuity of judgment that has so bedevilled his subject, being himself a composer of operettas and a conductor, an inhabitant of Sullivan's sphere and thus a writer with valuable inside knowledge.

No writer has submitted the whole of Sullivan's music to this kind of scrutiny until now. It was high time it happened, for the lapse of copyright, while releasing the music for general performance, lays it open to general debasement. Somehow or other Sullivan must be saved, because he is worth it, from the worshippers of 'Gilbert and Sullivan'. Mr. Hughes heads one of his chapters 'Sullivan and Gilbert' and he is right. Without the musician, Gilbert's libretto for no matter what operetta could not have survived. Neither Cellier nor Edward German gave Gilbert's jingles the life they received from Sullivan. Posterity owes his music honest consideration. Mr. Hughes has given it that, and his book will become required reading. At times he makes too great a claim for the importance of Sullivan as a formative influence.

To say that 'every day young men and maidens are impelled by their spontaneous appreciation of his tunefulness, charm and humour to set out and discover for themselves the treasure-house of great music' is questionable. The Gilbertian touch is apt but 'young men and maidens', bless their perennial perturbations, will have to read this book before they can be impelled to get beyond the tunefulness to any intelligent appreciation of Sullivan's charming art.

Era of Violence: Volume XII of the New Cambridge Modern History.

Cambridge. 37s. 6d.

One's first thought on reading this long-delayed volume is to marvel at the number of its contributors who have survived to see it appear. One's second thought is to commiserate with the survivors on having to read the reviews. It is most rare for a University Press to have discharged an important responsibility in so lackadaisical a fashion. The prospect of a volume of the Cambridge History dealing with the present century was one of those that most commended the idea of doing this work anew. For, as Lord Acton wrote to the Syndics of the Press when reporting on the original history, 'the recent Past contains the key to the present time. All forms of thought that influenced it come before us in their turn, and we have to describe the rolling currents, to interpret the sovereign forces, that still govern and divide the world'. And for teachers both at schools and universities the practical requirements of the syllabus reinforce Lord Acton's philosophy.

As far as Lord Acton goes, the emphasis that he placed upon great currents of thought is represented in this volume by a single chapter on 'Literature, Philosophy and Religious Thought' by the Dean of St. Paul's, which might fittingly have been subtitled 'A Tour round the bookshelves of a Cultured English Parson'. The Dean's assumption that his concentration upon England is justified by the fact that in the contemporary world thought has developed largely on national lines is unlikely to commend itself to many readers. It must, however, have commended itself to the editor of this volume, the Master of Sidney Sussex, who tells us that his contributors have been 'deliberately chosen from the English-speaking world on the principle that wherever in a co-operative work there might intrude some unconscious bias of national or cultural emphasis, it is better that this should be as far as possible consistent'. It is illuminating to note that 'English-speaking' for Dr. Thomson, to judge from his list of contributors, excludes Americans; this may explain why the U.S.A. does not appear at all in the chapter: 'International Relations 1900-1912'.

To some extent the deficiencies of the Dean are made up for by a characteristically stimulating article by the late Sir Robert Ensor on 'Political Institutions, Political Systems, and Political Thought', marred only by his equally characteristic over-emphasis on electoral systems. The arts of war, science and economics are competently handled: the latter more than competently by Professor Asa Briggs. But what is missing in this volume is a narrative account of

those great and terrible events which have given its particular colouring to our age.

It is clear that these omissions were not made plain in advance to all the contributors. Mr. Rohan Butler, for instance, in an admirable account of the Treaty of Versailles and subsequent international developments, omits consideration of the Russian question at the Peace Conference, and of the Treaty of Rapallo, by referring back for these to the chapter on the Russian Revolution. But Mr. Isaac Deutscher's lyrical account of Lenin's achievement in fact stops short at November 1917. Indeed, the only reference to the Russian civil war and intervention—events of profound significance for the future—occurs in a chapter entitled 'The Pacific in the First World War'. Similarly, Mr. Butler refers back for an explanation of the secret Treaty of London to the chapter on the first world war; but this chapter is devoted entirely to the military campaigns. Nor is the reader helped at all in trying to track down this treaty by discovering that the compiler of the index is incapable of distinguishing between the Treaty of London of 1915 and a totally different Treaty of London of 1913.

In a volume on the Age of Violence which tells you nothing about the history of the establishment of the totalitarian régimes of Russia, Germany and Italy, which leaves out the second world war as insufficiently documented (perhaps true when work on this volume began), which impartially leaves both T. E. Lawrence and Dr. Weizmann out of its account of the Middle East—in such a volume it would perhaps be idle to seek for rhyme or reason.

MAX BELOFF

Studies in Landscape Design

By G. A. Jellicoe. Oxford. 25s.

It is still not generally known that there are now four English universities at which courses may be taken in landscape architecture, and that this is now a separate profession. This book, by one of our most distinguished practitioners of the art, may be recommended to all who are interested in gaining a clearer idea of what a landscape architect does, and why his profession is so eminently worth following. For a young man (or woman) gifted with brains and a good deal of imagination, one can think of few careers which would be at the same time so useful and so enjoyable.

Regrettably, perhaps, this is not a systematic study of the profession, although probably nobody would be better qualified to write such a book than Mr. Jellicoe, and one hopes that presently he will. Meanwhile, he offers us these seven lectures and addresses, economical in their language but fertile in ideas. His aesthetic is firmly based in the art of the past: there is, for instance, a fascinating description of the importance of Tintoretto as a source of inspiration for the landscape architect. 'His spaces run to infinity': and he also uses screens, or eye obstructions, imaginatively, relating them to one another not geometrically but in a less finite way. Among earlier Renaissance masters, Mr. Jellicoe senses 'a particular debt to Giovanni Bellini, and the relevance of this to landscape

designing today is fully explained. In Bellini we are much more conscious of geometry than in Tintoretto, and one of the themes that permeates these studies is the importance of achieving a happy marriage between geometrical and natural forms. The fine illustration (one of sixty) of the fourth-century theatre at Epidauros makes this point beautifully.

The longest of these studies is also the most directly practical. The whole procedure underlying the planning of a new motorway is described in detail. Nobody who is likely to be involved in such an undertaking in the future should fail to read at least this section of the book. It is full of ideas, full of sensibility, full also of wisdom. But there is much else here that is hardly less pertinent to today. Mr. Jellicoe is no jeremiah: nevertheless he believes that 'modern civilization is tending to produce an environment that is contrary to the natural conception of man and therefore against his ultimate happiness and welfare', and that, given the opportunities, the landscape architect is one of the people who can do something practical to arrest this unhappy trend. If we believe so too, we should do our utmost to see that he is granted the fullest possible scope. Think what has been done to parts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, or the Black Country, to go no further. We must not rest content, surely, until every spoil-tip from a mine has been grassed over, every stretch of stagnant water drained.

ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

Cyprus Then and Now

By Gordon Home. Dent. 21s.

'Scarcely two and a half centuries passed before the tragic day arrived when . . .'. This is the sort of thing I like, once in a while, to make a change from the urgent language of the present day. It keeps things in perspective. *Cyprus Then and Now* is beautifully illustrated with drawings by the author, and in parts is extremely interesting. The historical chapters are the meat of the book, presenting a fair-minded general survey of the islanders' past, with a good deal of detail about a number of vivid international adventures and rogueries which will probably not be too familiar ground to the majority of readers. And where well-known historical figures or incidents are touched on, there has been, refreshingly, no attempt to whiten or blacken reputations or to pass judgments on standards of conduct.

The topographical and architectural chapters may perhaps lack interest for those who do not know Cyprus personally and well. But I should have been very grateful, myself, to have had the book with me during the time I was in the island.

Major Home is to be congratulated on giving his sources for all quotations, borrowings, and references in the text, as well as appending a bibliography. Not only is this a courtesy worth observing: it makes the book itself more interesting.

There is nothing in the book of Cyprus 'now'—if one may suppose last year's agreement to have begun a new phase in the island's

curiously monotonous history of treachery and intrigue. But there is a chapter, contributed by another hand, on Cyprus during the Emergency. Although accurate, this is not in keeping with the rest of the book, for it describes mainly the trivialities of daily life for a minority during that time, and does not refrain, as Major Home has done elsewhere, from pointing political morals. As Lord Harding has said in his preface to the book, that period is as much a part of Cyprus's history as any other, and should not be left out. But it seems likely that in the long view of history it will bulk no larger, and so deserve no more space, than any one of the hundreds of previous plots against each other and out-



Tamerlane, from Knolles's *History of the Turks*. The dress, wig and features suggest that the picture is in fact a portrait of Alleyn in his stage costume as Marlowe's Tamburlaine the Great

From 'Shakespeare's Public' by Martin Holmes (John Murray, 25s.)

siders that have made up the Cypriots' recorded past, to their mutual loss and misery.

PENELOPE TREMAYNE

On Alien Rule and Self-Government

By John Plamenatz. Longmans. 21s.

Mr. Plamenatz explains that the aim of his book is not to describe what is happening in the present-day political field, but to clarify the issues raised by the political claims put forward by and on behalf of the world's dependent peoples. Their demand is essentially for freedom and democracy, buttressed by national independence. These ideals first emerged in western Europe, and Western influence and example make their attainment the irresistible ambition of those who have known Western rule. It is the cause of some confused thinking that whereas freedom is likely to be secured in modern conditions only by liberal democracy, national independence is no guarantee of democracy, and still less of individual freedom.

Having his own roots in eastern Europe, Mr. Plamenatz not only draws on Balkan experience but makes telling comments on the significance and influence of communism; the colonial world should understand that Western ideals are likely to be more sympathetically promoted by the so-called 'imperialist' powers than by the one great European champion of anti-imperialism. Arguments for and against the continuance of colonial rule are also clearly stated and weighed; thus, while democracy is no doubt only to be learnt by practising it, yet many of the peoples concerned, it is sadly admitted, are in actual danger of attaining independence before they are fully equipped to govern themselves or to maintain their freedom. On the other hand, some historical awareness of conditions in, say, Nyasaland before it was brought under 'alien' rule, might have saved Mr. Plamenatz from the dubious suggestion that the indigenous governments displaced by colonialists were normally satisfactory.

W. M. MACMILLAN

The House Built on Sand

By Gerald Reitlinger.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.

This book is no recreation: it offers stiff reading with chronological confusion and some repetition. Many readers may feel that Mr. Dallin's *German Rule in Russia* gave them enough information on the subject at smaller intellectual cost. Mr. Reitlinger, in writing his introduction in lieu of a conclusion, and in adding his chronological table, accepts these objections in advance; his own severe style does not mitigate them. He can, however, be so expressive that any such criticism loses importance. 'In most cases', he can write, 'Hitler wanted men who feared violence as much as they loved the thought of it and who, even when Hitler refused to make a decision himself, would go to any length not to make a decision on their own. Such men were Ribbentrop and Rosenberg, whom Hitler deliberately made great in order to hamstring them'.

'Russia is our Africa and the Russians are our Negroes', Hitler is here quoted as having said to Professor Oberländer in

July 1941. What he meant by this was elucidated in a directive which was announced a little later and which ran as follows: 'The Slavs are to work for us. Insofar as we don't need them they may die. . . . Education is dangerous. Every educated person is a future enemy. . . . As to food, they are not to get more than necessary. We are the masters, we come first'. In other words Hitler invaded Russia as he had always intended, in order to plant German settlers in strategically chosen areas there, and especially in the Crimea. A policy of more or less rapid extermination of the natives was qualified, as is usual in such circumstances, by the need for their labour. Thus, as the German war effort intensified, Sauckel's conscription of slave labour saved many Slav lives while driving those who could escape him into the maquis; later the same thing happened in Italy and France.

Mr. Reitlinger has no mercy for the chiefs of the Reichswehr in the history he tells. He considers that, while knowing very well what

was going on, they accepted the excuse that Russia had not signed the Geneva Convention about prisoners of war; thus he believes them to have neglected every opportunity to protest against Hitler's extermination orders until defeat had sufficiently sharpened their susceptibilities. Grotesque though his ideas and his *Ostministerium* were, Rosenberg by definition wished for the 'liberation' of the minorities, as he termed them, of Russia, that is of the ethnical groups which he excluded from Great Russia based on Moscow. This meant that he clashed with the bestial frightfulness of Erich Koch, *Gauleiter* of East Prussia and *Reichskommissar* of the Ukraine, and showed interest in the ideas of men like Bräutigam and Stauffenberg, who wished to arm anti-Communist Russian citizens and use them to fight Stalin. Hitler was always opposed to showing such trust, and, in view of the things which he had caused to be done in Germany's name, he was bound to be right in his distrust; all the Russians who had been armed by the Germans, including Vlasov, turned against the Germans in the end.

But thanks to Hitler's attitude it was not until September 1944 that Himmler, after denouncing Vlasov as recently as October 1943, actually turned to the 'Russian de Gaulle': by September 1944 Himmler had become Commander-in-Chief of the Home Army and found himself with no reserves. Vlasov was in fact a Great Russian from Nijni Novgorod who, in Mr. Reitlinger's view, had little in common with the French President beyond 'his great height, his air of melancholy, his solitude and his passionate sincerity'. Certainly his army did the Germans no good and he himself was doomed in advance as hopelessly as Hitler's policy of crime.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

Nietzsche: Unpublished Letters.

Translated from the German and edited by Karl F. Leidecker. Peter Owen. 21s.

Virtually the only Nietzsche letters available in English hitherto have been the handful mis-translated, like the bulk of his works, by the late Dr. Oscar Levy. Any addition to this meagre ration would be welcome, and the seventy-five assembled here are among the most revealing. Ranging from 1861 to 1889, they illustrate the main phases of his intellectual development as well as his emotional attachments—not excluding the ambivalent attachment to his sister, that jealous confidante and unscrupulous literary executrix.

The title, however, is misleading. Not only have all these long been published in German—they are simply chosen from Karl Schlechta's selection—but fifteen were already included in the Levy edition. They therefore add less to our knowledge than might have been hoped. The translation, moreover, is worse than ever—for while Levy, though often inattentive to the German, could at least write English, even Mr. Leidecker's introduction leaves much to be desired. Nietzsche, he tells us truthfully, was 'sensitive to language as to music'. Nobody reading these pages would have guessed it.

His object, presumably, was to reflect as many aspects of Nietzsche's personality as possible, and this he has achieved. His claim, that by so doing he has supplied an introduction to Nietzsche's philosophy, is more doubtful. That philosophy, like any other, is best approached

through itself. Precisely because it was the motivation of the man's life and the complete expression of his personality, it can explain most of his idiosyncrasies, but not be explained by them—much less explained away. A better introduction by far—indeed, the only indispensable introduction—would be a complete and correct translation of the *Werke*, preferably as edited by Schlechta. How much longer have we got to wait for that?

F. A. LEA

Two Tudor Portraits

By Hester W. Chapman. Cape. 25s.

This is an ominous book: it promises to open up yet another tributary to the monstrous flood of biographies which burdens our age. Deserting the familiar faces, Miss Chapman has chosen to exhume two of the Tudors' less familiar victims—the Earl of Surrey, known to some as the poet (the not very good poet) who helped to introduce the sonnet into England, and Lady Katherine Grey, unknown altogether except to a few specialists. Although Miss Chapman tries to establish a common purpose in her essays, the unkind critic cannot help suspecting that this far from necessary book polishes off some leftovers from her life of Edward VI. However, she tells the stories well—stories of two unfortunates who did much to assist their fates: the scaffold for the earl who roused Henry VIII's dynastic suspicions, and prison for the lady who married a claimant to the throne without getting Elizabeth's permission. There is certainly life in these people, even if at times it owes more to the author's generous mind than to the niggardly facts; Miss Chapman can write and has taste. Yet she might be advised to wait a little before she once more enters into this field: there are far too many errors and misconceptions, and she herself frequently admits to finding 'barriers' between the sixteenth century and her own. In face of this difficulty her pursuit of the Tudor age displays more fortitude than wisdom. The book's reference notes are full of odd inaccuracies; but the informed reader will be able, with a little effort, to track most of them down.

G. R. ELTON

William King's Profession. By Charles Drage. Anthony Blond. 21s.

William and Joseph King were born about the turn of the century, twin sons of an Ulster farmer. Joseph died at an early age but he appeared to William a few years later and has been his companion ever since, sometimes visible and at others merely a discarnate voice. In his work as soothsayer or psychic adviser, William claims that he has been aided more by Joseph than by any other spirit; and in the period when his parents, strict members of the Church of England in Ireland, treated William first as suffering from nervous hallucinations and later as dabbling with evil, it was Joseph who gave him consolation and the conviction that his gifts, though unusual, were not perversely abnormal.

William King maintains that many children of pre-school age possess gifts similar to his. (He was able to tell his mother what coins she had in her closed purse, even before he was able to add up, and to foresee future events, especially the onset of death). These powers, according to

King, are usually suppressed at school, where mental powers are developed to the exclusion of spiritual sensitivity. But all the same they linger on in adults to a greater extent than people are willing to recognise.

King's beliefs can no more be dismissed out of hand than they can be accepted without a great deal of further research. But the difficulty is that, as with religious experience, the climate of sensitivity is seldom, if ever, compatible with that of scientific curiosity. Mr. King himself is a man of meagre education and would argue that any increase in his intellect would be achieved at the expense of his sensitivity. It is presumably for this reason that he has allowed his professional life to be written by another.

Unfortunately Mr. Drage, author of *Two-Gun Cohen*, approaches his subject with the confidence of a newspaper feature writer rather than the accuracy and insight of a true biographer. One searches in vain for even the simplest facts, such as the date of King's birth, his age when Joseph died or first appeared in spirit form. The two longest sections are told as if by King himself. But it is impossible to say what subjective validity they have as King's own words. It is as if a Cheddar cheese had set out to tell the story of a Stilton in Stiltonese. There emerge a distinctive flavour and an authentic scent, but it is impossible to say where the natural psychic ends and the sensational journalist takes over.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

Charles Eliot Norton

By Kermit Vanderbilt.

Oxford, for Harvard. £2 4s.

The name of Charles Eliot Norton is familiar to most of us only because of the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship of Poetry at Harvard, a Chair which T. S. Eliot (whose grandfather was Norton's second cousin) and, more recently, Edwin Muir have both held. It is appropriate enough that he should be remembered in this context, for he was an apostle of culture and the arts all his life. Norton came of New England Puritan stock, with a line of ministers in his ancestry. His father, Andrews Norton, was a liberal Unitarian man of letters and Professor of Sacred Literature at Harvard; his psychology was Locke's, his ethics humanitarian, his theology what Emerson was to call 'the corpse-cold theology of Brattle Street and Harvard College'. The son, who was born in 1827 and lived until 1908, inherited his father's literary and moral interests but not his opposition to Emerson and the Transcendentalists, who influenced one side of the younger Norton's curiously divided personality.

That division was central in Charles Eliot Norton's life and thought. Essayist, editor, Dante scholar, art historian, critic of civilization, Norton was torn between a love of the glories of the European cultural past and an increasingly despairing love of the American Dream and its Emersonian and even Whitmanesque potentialities. His Puritan inheritance comes out most strongly in the naïve moralism which mars so much both of his literary and his art criticism. Like Ruskin (whose good friend he was, except for a period of estrangement during the Civil War, when Ruskin's sympathies were with the South) he tried hard to identify the moral state of a society with the aesthetic value of the art

it produced, and the result is sometimes simple-minded and sometimes positively grotesque. As Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard from 1874 to 1897 he concentrated on the architecture of fifth-century Athens and of the Middle Ages (especially Italy), seeing in both these ages proof of the inter-relationship of good art and the good society. He stopped his course in the History of the Fine Arts at 1600: the luxury and sensuality of the Renaissance appalled him, and he consequently forced himself to see its art as decadent.

His attacks on American materialism and vulgarity grew stronger as he grew older, and he punctuated his lectures with biting remarks on the state of contemporary civilization. Yet he saw in the Civil War the prospect of national

purgation through suffering and wrote with prophetic eloquence of the America he thought he saw discovering itself at this time. He was naïve and often offensively prejudiced about prospects in the Middle West and about the new European immigrants, but there were times when he hailed the American brave new world with its equality of opportunity and freedom from dead codes as passionately as any America Firster could wish. He was particularly troubled by the problem of education: he believed in the Old World idea of the gentleman and in the tradition of classical culture, yet he distrusted educational privilege and the class structure of European education. In short, not only did he anticipate the 'new humanism' of Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt (whom he influenced

and who in turn influenced T. S. Eliot) but he also illustrated, in his worry about the relation between democracy and culture, and in the fluctuating views provoked by that worry, an American dilemma which is still a major topic of discussion in the United States and which is indeed also now becoming a British dilemma. For Norton's dilemma is directly related to the problem of the eleven-plus examination.

Mr. Vanderbilt tells the story of Norton's life and thought clearly and temperately. He gets a few minor points slightly wrong (neither J. S. Mill nor anybody else was ever 'Honorary President' of St. Andrews University), but on the whole this is a well-informed and sensible book which helps to an understanding of more than its immediate subject.

DAVID DAICHES

New Novels

The Crossing Point. By Gerda Charles. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.

Sons of God. By Gwyn Griffin. Angus and Robertson. 16s.

The Mirror Room. By Christopher Landon. Heinemann. 15s.

'MY NAME IS MIRAH LAPIDOTH. I am come a long way, all the way from Prague by myself. I made my escape. I ran away from dreadful things . . .'. So runs page 301 of George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*—that white whale of a novel, neglected by all but Henry James and Dr. Leavis, who has subjected it to an eloquent analysis in *The Great Tradition*. The essential seriousness of Judaism, its decency of glory, was something that obviously fascinated George Eliot. You'll remember how Daniel sits in the Frankfurt synagogue, wondering at the strength of his own feelings:

. . . it seemed beyond the occasion—what one might imagine to be a divine influx in the darkness, before there was any vision to interpret. The whole scene was a coherent strain, its burthen a passionate regret, which, if he had known the liturgy for the Day of Reconciliation, he might have clad in its antithetic burden: 'Happy the eye which saw all these things; but verily to hear only of them afflicts our soul. Happy the eye that saw the fingers when tuning every kind of song; but verily to hear only of them afflicts our soul'.

This is the theme that Miss Gerda Charles has chosen to celebrate in her new novel. I must say at once that there are several things very wrong with it. The construction, for a start, is extremely faulty—she has tried to get too much in, perhaps, and she seems uncertain and confused about the relative strengths of the various threads in her narrative. The hero, Leo, a melancholy disenchanted Rabbi *d'un certain âge*, residing in Manor Green and looking forward to an eventual marriage, is obviously modelled on the hero of Israel Zangwill's *The Grandchildren of the Ghetto* (1901). (Miss Charles has, in a previous novel, demonstrated her integrity as an artist, and she is obviously unaware that Leo is an extension—twenty years on—of Raphael Leon, in Zangwill's book.)

'The history of the Grandchildren of the Ghetto, which is mainly a history of the middle classes', wrote Zangwill, 'is mainly a history of isolation'. And so it is here. The best-conceived character in this book, a down-at-heel bookseller, of an almost epileptic temperament, named Gabriel, is sealed off from life, alone with his host of private griefs—griefs that he attempts to

solace by gibing at his daughters and massacring their lives. Needless to say, he displays a formidable orthodoxy that his creatress well knows how to render. Gabriel's *accès de rage*, when Essie, his wayward favourite child, elopes with a *gay* is a superb piece of tragic-comedy.

But then that, I believe, is the trouble about this book. It is too full of meat altogether. There are at least five novels buried in its recesses. Essie's affair with her muscular supposed play-boy, suddenly revealed as a garage-hand, is superbly told. It is worthy of de Maupassant—or of Mrs. Doris Lessing: and 'de M. or Mrs. Lessing, being practised hands, would know what to do with it. Miss Charles leaves it dangling in the middle of her book along with the other nuggets: Sara and Sophie, the Rabbi Tarsch (again, a brilliant creation), Sir Robert Bart-Grune, Mrs. Goldenbird and the rest of the Manor Green synagogue top brass.

This novel has given me enormous pleasure and I hope that my criticism of it does not sound ungenerous. (After the thrashing that that gifted admirer of Judaism, Mr. Paul Potts, has received recently at the hands of certain cultural gentlemen—who I predict are going to have to rue their misdemeanours in sackcloth very shortly!—this is no time to display critical ungenerosity.) Miss Charles obviously has a heap of talent as a writer of fiction (she is in the direct line of Zangwill), but she needs to discipline her gifts. There is plenty of time for this, and we shall see what we shall see.

Mr. Griffin's novel is a different case entirely. Out of a minor situation—an elderly assistant police commissioner in a British Middle East colony, who has married a young French girl and been saddled with her sixteen-year-old neo-existentialist brother—he has contrived one of the cruelly funniest comedies of human relations that I have read, since last re-reading Mr. Waugh's *A Handful of Dust*. Some of the reviewers have been playing portentous games around this book, writing of it as though it were the last word in satire against the English. (I am still awaiting my good friend Mr. John Connell's sermonette on the matter.)

Mr. Griffin's book is the kind of novel that has a laugh in almost every line. (Much to be

recommended for reading out loud to one's friends on a picnic.) A single quotation will suffice. Here we have Cecil—he would be called Cecil—the arch prig and ass of the race, called to the telephone on a sudden during his *premières nocés*.

'The telephone', said Solange briefly.

From the sitting-room came a second diffident tinkle and with a quick gasp of relief Cecil made for the door. The call was probably not for him but merely a crossed line. Even so, it was his habit to listen in for one sometimes heard interesting things by picking up a telephone which made those apologetic, spasmodic noises. But tonight, as he walked quickly across the sitting-room, he hoped passionately that it would prove to be a police emergency calling him out until the small hours.

Lifting the receiver he heard a clicking and buzzing, then a voice, rather faint—a man's he was sure, though—said 'Good God—not really!' And another, much stronger, 'Yes, I assure you. Some foreign girl—very young apparently—whom he picked up in Egypt. And the fantastic thing is that he actually appeared to have paraded half his division in full dress—full dress, *mind you*—on the docks to do her homage! I mean, everybody knows he's always been a prize idiot, but this time he must have gone completely crazy!'

That surely speaks for itself.

When is a thriller not just a thriller? Answer: Whenever it is written by Mr. Eric Ambler, Mr. Geoffrey Household, Mr. Ian Fleming, Mr. S. B. Gough or, as in this instance, by Mr. Christopher Landon. Connoisseurs—and particularly all those Old Suspense Hands who enjoyed that brilliant evocation of the Stock Exchange, *Stone Cold Dead in the Market*, will enjoy *The Mirror Room*. As the Colonel tells the hero:

'Your brother is a traitor to his country. . . . It has all been proved to you beyond all possible shadow of doubt. In the process of becoming what he is, there are strong possibilities that he has added murder to that score . . .'

I should be acting ungenerously and out of my role as a taster, if I said anything more about this novel. It is a Château-bottled thriller, out of Mr. Landon's now celebrated *games*.

JOHN RAYMOND



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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Intimacy and Immediacy

TELEVISION'S MOST VALUABLE single asset is, perhaps, its intimacy; and its second most valuable its immediacy. And it is arguable that we get the 'purest' television (for what that is worth) when both these qualities are given their freest play. No programmes come closer to this ideal than John Freeman's series 'Face to Face'. Probably we now take it rather too much for granted that several million viewers,



Scene from 'Beginners Please', with (left to right) Brenda Dunrich as Mrs. West, Maureen Beck as her daughter Pamela, Emrys Jones as Tom Chatfield, Edward Evans as Sam Bennett, Maureen Gavin as Felicity French, Ursula Camm as Paddy Ross, and Jayne Muir as Jill Cartwright

isolated in the privacy of their own homes, should be brought into apparently immediate contact with the great figures of the world, those whom, in all earlier centuries, only a minute fraction of them could ever have got within looking and listening distance of.

One must admit at once that this contact is indeed partly an illusion—both in the obvious sense, and in the sense that a single publicly conscious occasion will reveal only a superficiality of the interviewee's character, and quite possibly a deliberately angled one: after all, awareness of the enveloping circle of a myriad invisible watchers will lead to other behaviour-patterns than would be expected in the relaxed company of a few intimates. All the same, what we get is better than most of what we got before—the far less real personality-projection of the news-conference transmitted through the highly disfiguring medium of the journalistic brain, or the even more falsely abstract myth-fictions of the political dogmatist, unable to see personalities for the obscuring screen of his 'ideologies', 'tensions', 'solidarities', 'trends' and the like.

One may judge of the extent to which these programmes increase our knowledge and awareness of the way our world works by comparing our expectations with the event. If you missed the programme of May 29, let us play a game of guess-who. A man with a Roman emperor's head as rugged and sensitive as any of that

incomparable series of portraits shown us by Sir Mortimer in his final 'Grandeur' that was Rome' two evenings earlier. The thirteenth child (of fourteen) of a near-destitute American-Jewish prospector. At the age of fourteen he weighed twenty stone and went to work on the railways. He became professional heavyweight boxing champion of his country. Possessed of a powerfully persuasive and open manner, unafraid to launch upon the public air such phrases as 'Many's the time I've swum bare-arsed with the piccaninnies', equally ready to admit past errors and personal reversals of opinion, he professes at present a canny mixture of racial liberalism

and economic practicality. I do not know how far this character may have squared with other viewers' impressions of Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, derived from the daily and weekly press, but it was wildly at variance with my own. A surprisingly rewarding programme and one too which I felt gave an unusual opportunity to its subject to correct popular misapprehensions about himself—an opportunity which he magnificently took.

How far can we legitimately admit technical artifice into an ostensibly direct programme? 'Small World', on its two last appearances (June 1 and May 21), has begun with the same length of film showing Murrow saying 'Tonight I am out of reach of circuits and cameras and therefore am asking Eric Sevareid to be my host in New York'. This is the search for immediacy gone mad, for there is Murrow seated at a desk with a big microphone upon it and, inferentially, a large camera a few feet from his nose; and he *ought* to be saying 'When you see this programme I shall be . . .', not 'Tonight I am . . .'. This elevation of palpably false ideals of slickness completely bedevils these programmes, and makes nonsense

of the services of such very distinguished persons as, in this case, Arnold Toynbee, Philip Wylie, and Robert Graves: one could hardly follow what they were saying for the incessant inaudible clicking of the sub-editor's scissors—which led among less light-hearted effects, to the startling appearances and disappearances of a magical teacup in Professor Toynbee's hand.

'Beginners Please' (June 2), the dramatized documentary on the acting profession, was thoroughly competent—as indeed it should have been, for its matter was common experience to every member of the cast; the acting was so perfectly natural that the few over-played parts (Norma the dancer, and the absurd caricature of a guardee) showed up painfully. A very proper and delicate balance was struck between glamour and debunkment.

The current series of 'Eye on Research', far the best in its history, came to an end with 'The Fertile Sea' on May 31. 'Matters of Medicine' seems to be finding happier form: 'Disabling Diseases' (June 1) was first-class 'For the Schools' for adults, making no unhappy concessions to false ideas of 'entertainment'.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Exciting Shakespeare

ONE OF GRANVILLE-BARKER'S greatest skills, according to an actor who played in his farewell production, was that of supplying his casts with a 'complete emotional graph' of the work they were rehearsing. This rare skill seems to be shared by Peter Dews, whose bisected production of *Henry IV* Part I (May 26) has demolished all my carefully erected reservations against the current series of Shakespeare Histories, 'An Age of Kings'. This was more than a satisfactory experiment; it restored a type of direction which Shakespeare seldom receives nowadays, either on the stage or in the studio, and I see no point in estimating it merely in relation to past television productions.

English Shakespeare directors fall into two main groups—the 'creative', and the self-effacing: the first batter a play to death with bright ideas, the second leave it to fend for itself. What we lack are directors with a grasp on the construction and inner articulation of the text, and a capacity for shaping a performance so that the surface suggests the bone structure. Mr. Dews's production did precisely this. It had plenty of invention, but no super-



A newly hatched stork, and one nesting on a roof in Schleswig-Holstein: from the film by Heinz Sielmann, *Summer with the Storks*, in 'Look' on June 2

John Cura



Brian Smith (left) as Poinz and Robert Hardy as Henry, Prince of Wales, in a scene from Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Part I, third in a series 'An Age of Kings'

fluous decoration, no 'business'; every excursion into novelty was an expression of the underlying dynamics, proportioned strictly in relationship to the whole work. The effect was quite extraordinary: I had never realized before how miraculously the play is constructed.

Scholars, of course, have been saying so for years, but in performance it has plodded on in the same old way—as a boring parade of quarrelling nobility interspersed with glorious scenes of comic relief. (Orson Welles's short-lived Falstaff farrago, *Chimes at Midnight*, recently demonstrated the full futility of this approach.) In Mr. Dews's production the two strands of action were intimately interwoven like alternate scenes of a masque and anti-masque, formally related by the use of mirror images and mirror situations—the King paired off with Falstaff, Hal with Hotspur, Worcester's rebellion with the Gad's Hill robbery. If this sounds generalized and theoretical, let me quote a single instance of its detailed application. After the scene in which Hotspur's wife tries to seduce him into revealing the conspiracy against the King, there follows the tavern scene in which Hal parodies his rival; Robert Hardy launched into this with grotesque imitation of Hotspur's speech impediment and replied to himself in fluting contralto accompanied by a *louche* gesture directly evocative of Lady Percy's low-cut dress.

Many productions have come to grief over the Eastcheap charade—Shakespeare's most sustained use of the distorting mirror—for it rises to a towering comic climax and crashes immediately back to earth. Mr. Dews handled it with the control of a great conductor negotiating an unearthly modulation in a Beethoven symphony. Huge waves of laughter burst out

for the speeches of the cowed prince and the mockery king, but they were so graded as to give Falstaff the victory every time. 'Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world', came like a triumphant cadence, Frank Pettingell smiling like a hero amid the cheering. Then the knocks on the door, and Hal's sober reply, 'I do, I will'. The bubble is pricked; but not in the usual cold-blooded way. The line was full of quiet regret and was followed by Hal's gently embracing the old man as if there were no one else in the room. With this marvellous stroke the production overcame the difficulty of transition, and released Hal from the odiously calculating character past productions have so often driven him to assume.

I have by no means exhausted this topic. The conspiracy, for instance, took on a rare spirit of excitement under the powerful control of Geoffrey Bayldon's Goebbels-like Worcester. Tonight's second episode will give me an opportunity to return to the production and to the excellent performances of Tom Fleming, Sean Connery, and Patricia Heneghan.

With Jimmy Edwards's rhapsodies on flagellation flooding forth from the cloisters of Chiselbury, the revival of Warren Chetham-Strode's *The Guinea Pig* (June 4) was at rather a disadvantage. But even if one had not been distracted by irrelevant expectations of

counter-attack from the lower third and by an unhappy physical resemblance between Barry Jones and the cane virtuoso of the previous evening, it is still a play that shows its wrinkles. When the Fleming Report came out it was an efficiently controversial piece that reached a wide public by spicing its message with the understated heroics of the British cinema and with unabashed *schmalz*. Now that its topicality is lost the latter components are what hit you in the eye—also the recognition that Mr. Chetham-Strode shows nothing like van Druten's command of the public school idiom.

The first skirmish between Hartley, the horrible housemaster, and the working-class new boy still retains its bite, and it went vigorously in Terence Dudley's solidly subfusc production. What chiefly distinguished it was Mr. Jones's

astonishing success in making the gimcrack transformation of Hartley from a reactionary monster to a likable old silly: it was done in a manner combining intoxication with hysteria and you felt he would regret every word of it in the morning—all the same, the playing had undeniable pathos and warmth.

Ted Willis's adaptation of Richard Gordon's *Doctor in the House* provided the Whitehall Theatre's Whit Sunday romp. With plenty of proficient couchmanship from Dickie Henderson, and frequent majestic salutes from Fabia Drake, all sails rigged and every gun blazing, it made me wish I was in the theatre. I wish television wouldn't do that.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Please Discover Etherage

THE COMMON or unelectronic theatre is nowadays only a year or so behindhand in the production of plays first heard in these islands on the Third Programme. Radio domesticated those rhinoceroses and gave a quicker welcome to English writers whose work the West End is now bravely considering. Sometimes television follows, and the Home and Light may also take their risk. It is time, I think, that the cunning men of the commercial entertainment world realized that even when the B.B.C. is claiming to be doing something as obviously daft as celebrating the tercentenary of the restoration of Charles II it may have an idea well worth pinching.

The Man of Mode by Sir George Etherage (Third Programme, June 1) should be cast more broadly by the Corporation, repeated, translated, dressed for cameras, and returned to the playhouses from whence it came. Charles Lefeaux's production was a delightful surprise, to me at least. The play is a comedy of fashion—of love-making, mistress-management, heiress-hunting, and fool-baiting—and it is witty, elegant, and eloquent enough to give pleasure to the most demanding person of quality. It has been known for the part of Sir Fopling Flutter, which was gaily played by Geoffrey Bayldon, who had fine Frenchified foppery to deal with over his clothes, coach, accent, liveries, and conversation. But though Fopling has affectations as deeply serious as anything in the best of Wilde, he is not the main theme of the comedy. Dryden encouraged the deception that this was so with his epilogue pretending that nobody should take offence: 'For no one fool is hunted from the herd'.

The central topic is much deeper than simple mockery of the French 'flu of any date. It is that manners affect conduct more than morals, a truism grossly offensive to all Puritans and enemies of the theatre. Lamb's defence of 'the Artificial Comedy' is humbug because that comedy was realistic as well as formal. *The Man of Mode* is an extreme case in which we are invited to admire Dorimant (Richard Johnson), a gentleman and wit who claims to be able to fathom 'all the depths of woman's mind' and goes to great lengths to prove that he is still wanted by the woman he has 'ruined', Mrs. Loveit (Edith Evans), and to protect the reputation of his new mistress (Barbara Lott). Dorimant is finally permitted to fall moderately in love with an heiress who



Scene from *The Guinea Pig*, with (left to right) Barry Jones as Lloyd Hartley, Michael Crawford as Read, and Jeremy Brett as Nigel Lorraine

can sometimes see through him, Harriet Woodvil (June Tobin), and to cut down his mother-in-law to size in advance. The current vogue in morals is neither unduly recommended nor unrealistically deplored, and all of the principal players are provided with a sufficiency of 'fat'. Hazlitt's apology for Restoration drama generally suits this play very well: 'And if it clothes the more seductive vices with the borrowed graces of wit and fancy, even those graces operate as a diversion to the coarser poison of experience and bad example, and often prevent or carry off the infection by inoculating the mind with a certain taste and elegance'. There are bits of dialogue stolen from Shakespeare and other bits only up to date now. But this is a text which ought to be handed over to actors and actresses of quality at regular intervals of some five years.

The intrigues of young persons playing with love and jealousy and older persons concerned with the marrying of properties are ingeniously organized, and, apart from the joke about the vanity of gallant wits who cannot endure to be slighted by their ladies or admit to being in love, there is much incidental merriment about the charms of the dear town of London, the affectations of dress and posture of ladies of quality, and the 'depraved attitude of this wicked age'. The songs were good and relevant, and the significant exits and entrances in chairs a pretty device. They must, after all, have been as important for intrigue and more traceable than taxis.

I was in Lyme Regis, where scandals do not occur, when the B.B.C. dropped its most shocking recent clanger by putting on reel 3 in front of reel 2 in a recorded production of Ibsen's *The Pillars of Society* (Home Service, May 30). What was dreadful was that apparently nobody noticed that anything had gone wrong for a quarter of an hour. My own reactions were quite shameful when the jump occurred. I had checked on the length of the broadcast (ninety minutes) and was comforting myself by saying that some poor devil had presumably been told to reduce the complexities of the play to democratic Home Service level, and that this was impossible and should not be attempted, when the apologies broke out. It would be improper to comment on a performance so mechanically mauled, but if anyone is feeling apologetic to the shade of Ibsen they might give the fellow's play another half hour next time.

People Like Us, by Frank Vosper (Home, May 28) proved in R. D. Smith's production to be a pathetic and moving mixture of morality and slice of life. It is a fierce smack in the eye for romanticism and a credible denunciation of the side effects of bad writing in living—more effective than *Miss Lonelyhearts* because less generalized and less hysterical.

I could discover no point at all in *Our Fred*, by Leslie Halward (Home, June 2), if we are not to conclude that introverts who have extrovert brothers must not hope to marry virgins. An hour seemed a long time for the unfortunate Fred to be put in his place for fussing about his wife's pre-marital sex life.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Fact and Fiction
SOUND BROADCASTING, like all other arts, has its particular *genres*; and the documentary feature is among the most successful. The observation must be familiar to readers of this column: indeed, it is fast becoming my critical refrain. But this week the refrain is justified. The twentieth anniversary of Dunkirk was marked by a programme that deserved a distinguished service medal.

We have heard so many recollections of the second world war that it takes a good deal, now, to make an impact: to rouse our sympathy, anger, or admiration. 'Dunkirk: Twenty Years After' (Home Service, May 29) not only woke our emotions, it sustained them after the programme was over. And that was because there was not a trace of dramatization; there were no purple passages and background music, there was none of the treacly sentiment and repertory emotion that all too often spoil broadcast tales of heroism. This time we heard only authentic voices, still moved, after twenty years, by authentic recollections. The army officer still remembered the 'pretty unhealthy' look of the beaches, the naval officer still remembered the sea bombardment, the pilot recalled the hawk's-eye view of the tremendous exodus. We heard of the doctor who gave up his chance of rescue to be with the wounded, the prisoners who were left behind to face the oncoming Germans; and we listened to the railway official at Dover who remembered working a 112-hour week. Sixty minutes of sharp and diverse pictures, of well-edited and honest understatement, had a powerful cumulative effect.

Sunday evening also gave us a chance of hearing some off-beat Victorian poetry: 'Poems by Lewis Carroll', which were introduced and read by Anthony Quinton. Mr. Quinton is not a born reader of poetry, but he made an agreeable nonconformist choice from Mr. Dodgson's various effusions; and if the more serious stuff was sometimes excruciating, the lighter verse had an almost Jabberwocky appeal. How pleasant to know Mr. Lear as well! I hope that Mr. Quinton will duly give us a companion portrait. 'Cowley Recreational Institute' (Home, May 30) swept us back from slithy toves to good plain facts. Jessie Kesson, who spent her childhood in a Scottish orphanage, went back with a tape-recorder to the L.C.C. youth club where she had been instructor-in-charge for five years. The comments she heard drew an eloquent contrast between the youth clubs she knew as a girl and the youth clubs of today; and drawn out by her alertness and sympathy, the club members of today gave us a competent picture of their busy world.

The club members at Cowley, bent on 'activities', may take an interest in anything from motor-cycle maintenance to boot repairing. The addicts of the 'Listen and Learn' programmes on Network Three may find themselves absorbed in anything from Russian to archaeology. On June 1, the second programme on 'The Animals' World' gave us some curious facts about the behaviour of invertebrates: about the periwinkles heading towards the sun, and about the learning powers of insects. As a broadcast it was uninspired, it felt too chalk-and-blackboard, and it didn't really hold a non-scientist. But how it would have fascinated Mr. Lewis Carroll (*né* Dodgson)! What raw material he'd have found there for lighter verse!

'Red Snows' (Home, June 3) told us about a quite different science, the science of climbing. It was an illuminating if alarming talk between Russian and English mountaineers on climbing in the Caucasus. The thought of flying for two days over Russia to scale a rebarbative mountain with fifty pounds of equipment on one's back might not perhaps be the universal definition of pleasure. But if the venture makes a commando course sound like beauty treatment, one must also admit that the Russians are firm believers in safety first. You don't just set off and scale the heights; you earn promotion from Third Degree Climber to Honoured Master of Sport (there are even oral examinations); and no Russian climber even embarks on a climb unless he is certified adequate by the authorities. Per-

haps this organization keeps down the death roll; but for all the traditional flowers and grapes awarded to those who come back to *terra firma*, it all sounds pretty Third Degree to me.

'Where the Buildings Meet the Sky' (Third Programme, June 3) brought us down to a mere hundred feet, and made a distinctly depressing comment on modern architecture, on threatened skylines, and cities of dreaming slabs where the form of buildings is largely dictated by economics, and 'town-planning, in the proper sense, hardly exists'. It is always good to hear anti-ugly programmes, even if they come from a building in Portland Place whose new extension Mr. Richards rightly deplores.

I hope to discuss 'The South African Dilemma' when I have heard the second part next week. The first instalment was magnificent.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Two Tribute

THE RAPTURED OVATION that greeted Zoltan Kodály when he conducted the London Symphony Orchestra in some of his works the other evening (Third, June 3) and was presented with a laurel wreath by the orchestra's president, Sir Arthur Bliss, showed just how warmly this venerable figure is regarded in England. Yet it would be foolish to pretend that this is primarily a musical judgment. After all, very little of Kodály's music is familiar here: the suite from *Hary Janos*, the sets of dances from Marosszek and from Galanta, the *Psalmus Hungaricus* and a handful of smaller choral pieces, and an even smaller handful of chamber works. Even the most nearly popular of the works included in this particular programme, the *Peacock Variations*, was almost unknown when it arrived here on a long-playing gramophone record six years ago; it had been written nearly twenty years before.

But if the ovation was even more for the man than for the musician, that is certainly no reason to belittle it. On the contrary, it was a welcome affirmation of the relationship that can, or could exist between composer and public. Kodály's popularity (and in Hungary it amounts to reverence) is the reward of a lifetime's practical service to the musical needs of his country as he saw them. Of course such a close identification with one's environment can be a source of danger as well as strength to the artist; it is a cliché of criticism that Kodály's breadth of interests prevented him from developing his powers as a composer as intensely as did his friend and contemporary Bartók. Yet composers for whom the solitary path of a Bartók is fruitful or even possible will always be few, and young composers who are tempted to shut themselves off from the wider musical life of the communities in which they find themselves might do well to remember that creative personalities as different as Vaughan Williams and Britten have derived strength from following the opposite course. It is perfectly clear, of course, that commercial standardization is making this increasingly difficult, but there is nothing to be gained, and a good deal to be lost by retiring into a tower, whether ivory or electronic.

I suspect that this occasion may have overshadowed a more modest tribute to an English composer on the previous evening. Alan Bush is sixty this year, and to celebrate the occasion the B.B.C. is putting out two programmes of his music. It hardly seems an excessive tribute to a composer who has played an active part in English musical life since his (and the century's) mid-twenties. Yet Bush has always had far less recognition than his slightly younger contemporaries. Neither Walton (born 1902) no-



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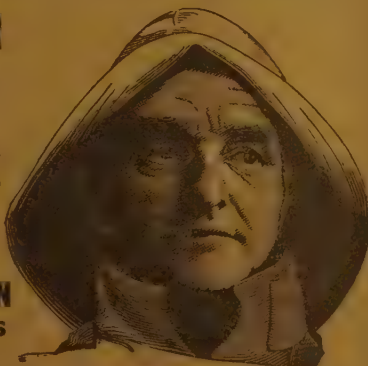
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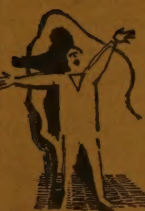
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Tippett nor Rawsthorne (both born in 1905) has been much more productive than Bush, but they enjoy incomparably more prestige.

The reason for this, I am afraid, is the avowedly political content of much of his work. By this I do not mean to suggest that his views have caused him to be discriminated against by people who happened to disagree with them, but rather that the naively Marxist programmes attached to some of his most important compositions have led the public to mistrust their purely musical quality.



WHEN AN ARTIST dies young, legends grow like fungi round his memory. Few composers have suffered more from this decaying process than Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835), who has gone down to history as a gentle consumptive, an elegiac poet with little interest in the dramatic side of his art. R. A. Streatfeild called him 'a tender and pathetic figure, with no pretensions to science'. This picture is inaccurate, both as regards the man and his music. Bellini was no weeping willow; he was neither gentle nor consumptive: in the words of Frank Walker he was 'a tough, egoistic musical careerist, calculating even in his love-affairs'. As a composer he planned his effects with nearly as much care as Puccini, his aim being, as he told the librettist of *I Puritani*, to move the audience to tears through the singing. A musical drama must be an assault on the emotions, and the less literary good sense it contained the better. His science may not have been extensive, but it was quite adequate for his purposes.

In two respects the traditional view of Bellini is correct: he is an exquisite (if limited) melodist, and his music, like all Italian opera from Scarlatti to Verdi, depends for its full effect on first-rate singing. It is no accident that the last two or three decades have witnessed a general revival of interest in Italian *bel canto* opera, from the less familiar works of Verdi right back to Handel. The old explanation of their neglect, that the breed of singers had died out beyond recovery, was (except in respect of the castrati) a mere excuse. The truth is that they were not wanted; the singers were trained to surmount hurdles of quite a different kind. One of the worst legacies of Wagnerism was the absurd idea that there is something meretricious about an opera calling for brilliant singers. Now that we have escaped from the muddier estuaries of music-drama it is possible to reassess and enjoy these old operas. The best of them have shown a conspicuous resurgence of vitality.

The main sources of strength and weakness in Bellini's style are clear enough. It depends to an overwhelming extent on melody, and melody of a single type, slow in pace, beautifully shaped, and poised between classical grace and a gentle romantic melancholy. (It is this quality in the music, of course, aided by the partiality of his friends, that has coloured the posthumous picture of the man.) It serves a great variety of emotional situations. Although prodigious athletic feats are required of his tenors (Arturo in *I Puritani* soars to a top F), it is always the soprano round whom the opera revolves; and Bellini's heroines, whether in sickness or in health, sanity or lunacy, praying or sleep-walking, express themselves in very similar

This is unfortunate if hardly surprising, and the first of these two broadcasts gave a welcome opportunity of reassessing three of his larger chamber works. The much-praised *Dialectic* of 1935 (well played by the Aeolian Quartet) struck me as too determinedly dialectical, though I am prepared to believe that this was because I could not quite rid myself of ancient memories of a programme-note in which the progress of the work was compared to that of a trade union meeting. The more recent *Variations*, *Nocturne* and *Finale* for solo piano gets off to a bumpy

start, with variations that are neither interesting in themselves nor lead from one to the next; but later this piece achieves a great deal more fluency. On this occasion its final pages would have benefited from more virtuosic playing. But the most impressive work of the three was the *Lyric Interlude* for violin and piano of 1944, played by Ralph Holmes and the composer. This suggested more strongly than anything the quality of an individual voice that has too often been overlaid by the jargon of propaganda.

JEREMY NOBLE

Bellini and 'I Puritani'

By WINTON DEAN

'I Puritani' will be broadcast at 5.35 p.m. on Saturday, June 18 (Third)

terms. His habit of jotting down themes as they occurred to him, without words, and using them up in his next opera may be significant here. The quick tunes are much weaker; lacking both rhythmic and harmonic tension, they too often degenerate into an ambling jogtrot or sound like slow pieces artificially speeded up. As a result—and in marked contrast with Rossini and the best of Donizetti—the pace of a Bellini opera easily becomes limp and sluggish.

Of his ten stage works, only three achieved fame outside Italy. We have recently heard revivals of *La Sonnambula* and *Norma*; but it is the third and latest, *I Puritani*, not performed in Britain since 1887, that shows Bellini's talent at its most vital. While the lyrical episodes are as beautiful as ever, he is beginning—albeit slowly—to expand his resources in harmony, texture, and orchestration, and to infuse a certain momentum and urgency into the drama. This quality is almost totally lacking in *La Sonnambula*. Act II of *Norma* shows a considerable advance, especially at the beginning and the end. But all three acts of *I Puritani* contain scenes where the dramatic pulse suddenly quickens and reminds us that the heir of Italian romantic opera, Verdi, owed a debt to Bellini as well as a more obvious one to Donizetti. The atmosphere of suspense when Riccardo intercepts Arturo and the disguised Queen in Act I, and the Roundhead soldiers search for Arturo in Act III, is powerfully contrived. The 12/8 quartet and chorus 'A te, o cara', despite a certain stiffness in the part-writing, links *William Tell* with the quartet in *Rigoletto*, and in Act III the voice of Elvira off stage, accompanied by the harp, may well have supplied a hint for *Il Trovatore*. Moreover Bellini has grown more skilful in overcoming weaknesses of invention: he mitigates the square melodies of the duet for Arturo and the Queen in Act I by well-timed modulation. The first two choruses of Act II show a similar tendency; the second ('Quaggiù del mal'), though very short, develops great tension through the working of a rhythmic figure in the bass. There are still lapses, such as the cabaletta of 'Qui la voce', but the whole score, and especially the ensembles, conveys a stronger impression of energy than Bellini's earlier operas.

The libretto, by Carlo Pepoli, is based on a French play, *Têtes Rondes et Cavaliers*; although the action takes place in and around Plymouth, the full title was *I Puritani di Scozia*. Foreign geography was no part of an Italian librettist's education; but this appears to be a singular case of 'Walter-Scozia'. Scott's novels and French plays were the principal sources of Italian librettos at this period, and although Bellini was one of the few composers who never dealt with Scott, the appearance of a translation of *Old Mortality* under the title *Les Puritains de*

l'Écosse was enough to attract Plymouth across the border in an opera on quite a different story. The libretto has been much abused; but however comic its bunch of knights and lords (including two colonels, one retired) and its references to 'Cromvello' and 'Anglican Sovrano Parlamento' may appear to English ears, it is no more absurd than many others of the period. Love and politics clash in the traditional manner, with a burst of patriotic fervour in the duet for the two Roundhead colonels at the end of Act II; both the music and the sentiment recall the Verdi of *Ernani*. There is no attempt at local colour such as we find in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* a year later. Bellini's Puritans, though they say their prayers to organ accompaniment, are anything but Puritanical in their musical demeanour. The least convincing element, apart from the happy end, is the madness that afflicts Elvira (most tunefully) when her Cavalier lover Lord Arturo Talbo(t) is caught escorting a veiled woman out of the camp, and which vanishes when the prisoner turns out to be the widow of Charles I. But this of course is a convention; madness in the early romantic period was a much less alarming affliction than in the classical dramas of Handel and Gluck, and was regarded as an occasion for pathos combined with coloratura.

I Puritani was produced with great success at the Théâtre Italien in Paris on January 24, 1835. Bellini died on September 23 the same year; three days later *Lucia di Lammermoor* had its first performance in Naples. There is little doubt that this was Donizetti's considered reply, and it is inevitable that these two operas with a British venue, a mad scene, and so much else in common should evoke a comparison between their composers. Donizetti's range was considerably the wider of the two, and not only because it embraced a sparkling gift for comedy. He also struck deeper, both in his characterization and in the energy of his melodies and ensembles: the sextet in *Lucia* and the great final aria in *Roberto Devereux* were altogether beyond Bellini. But Donizetti scattered his gifts by writing too much and too quickly, and most of his best work (though he was the older man) came after Bellini's premature death. *I Puritani* suggests that, had he lived, Bellini would have widened his range beyond the few stops on which he played so effectively. If neither was quite great enough to transcend the conventions of his day, as Rossini and Verdi did, both offer much pleasure to the modern opera-lover.

Alexander Wheelock Thayer's *Life of Beethoven* has recently been reissued by the Centaur Press (three vols., £4 4s.), with a penetrating introduction by Alan Pryce-Jones. It has long been unobtainable, though its status as the standard biography of the composer has never been challenged.

Sir Roy Welensky

(continued from page 1003)

utterance Mr. Macmillan made in his visit to Africa, that Britain would be right not to hand over a further degree of independence to the Federation until she was completely satisfied that the rights of Africans were safeguarded?

Welensky: Of course I want to see the rights of Africans safeguarded. I want to see the rights of all people safeguarded, because I think one has got to do something more than merely safeguard the interests of one section of the community, but I do wish that people would try to understand that it is a federation, it is not a unitary state, and many of the things that are so bitterly complained about are things that do not come under the control of my Government. And I would remind you with great respect that it is the Government of the United Kingdom that has been responsible for the affairs of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia for sixty or seventy years, and many of the problems that arise do so from the neglect that has followed this country's responsibilities in Central Africa, not mine.

Freeman: I am sure there is something in that, but is not the basic fact about central Africa at the moment that you are elected to power inevitably on the vote—at present—of a small white majority of the total population? The more independence you have while that is true, the more you must be at the mercy of that minority in the sort of policy you follow in the future?

Welensky: I think that is the kind of glib phrase that sounds well, but when it is examined it is not so good. If you look at my parliament it contains fifty-nine members, of whom twelve are Africans and three Europeans who represent African interests; and as far as I am concerned I would not have the faintest objection to converting those three Europeans into direct African representation.

Freeman: We have not time to pursue this further than that, but I would rather look not so much at your parliament as at your voting lists.

Welensky: I was going to go on and explain exactly what it means. It is true that the Europeans do predominate, but I wonder if it is realized that in a voters' roll of about 97,000 some 17,000 at this stage are now coloured and African?

Freeman: And what are the total populations of white and African of the Federation?

Welensky: I am glad you make this point because I would like just for a moment to expand on it. You convey the impression that one is dealing with a continent in which one has Europeans with black skins. I want to tell you something about the Federation which perhaps is not appreciated. You know of Nyasaland, you have heard a great deal of it. Recently I had an economic survey carried out there by an eminent professor of economics. His report discloses that there are something like 2,000,000 Nyasaland Africans who have a subsistence level of living which he valued at £16 a year. Let me remind you that the average Britisher in this country who keeps a dog spends more than £16 a year on that particular animal—a lot more if I am any

judge of the British character. Those Africans are the people that you have to consider. They are living almost at an animal level. There will come a time, if we can develop the country when they will be able to carry some responsibility and understand things. But let us face the hard reality of it: in fact, they do not understand the problem; all they want at the moment is to try to see a decent standard of living, have a belly full of food and a decent place to live in.

Freeman: If they do not understand the problem—and I quite agree with you that that must be true for the majority of them—is it not absolutely necessary that Great Britain, as the trustee for their interests, cannot surrender any more power to the Federation until such time as we are satisfied that the Africans do understand the problem?

Welensky: I am not asking the British Government to surrender any more power to the Federation. What I have asked is that if there is to be a transfer of any power it is to be to the territories. All I am asking is that you should recognize the powers as they are today. I have got to make a success of the Federation, I have got to provide the money that is going to develop Nyasaland. Britain is not doing it. We are making the major contribution from our own resources, and I am satisfied that if things are to go well in central Africa the most important thing of all for the Nyasalanders, not for us, if they are to see anything like a decent life for the future, is to keep Nyasaland in the Federation.

—From a programme in B.B.C. television

Bridge Forum

Inter-City Par Contest—Heat IV

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE FOURTH HEAT of the Inter-City Par Contest on Network Three a team from various cities in Cheshire (Mr. E. C. Phillips, Mr. E. Gordon, Mr. C. Q. Henriques, and Mrs. O. J. Topping) opposed Newcastle upon Tyne (Dr. A. MacArthur, Mr. W. Matthewson, Mr. D. S. Welch, and Mr. R. M. Foulds). They had to bid and play the following hand: Dealer, West; East-West vulnerable.

NORTH			
♠	A 9 6		
♥	Q J 10 9		
♦	8 4 2		
♣	J 5 3		
WEST		EAST	
♠	3	♠	Q 8 4
♥	8 7 6	♥	K 5 4 3 2
♦	K J 6 5 3	♦	Q 9
♣	K 9 4 2	♣	Q 10 8
SOUTH			
♠	K J 10 7 5 2		
♥	A		
♦	A 10 7		
♣	A 7 6		

The Newcastle North-South pair followed the simplest route to game. Mr. Matthewson opened

One Spade fourth in hand, his partner raised to Two Spades, and the opener went to Four Spades. This was the directed contract and scored 3 points.

The directed lead was the 8 of hearts. East withheld the King and was awarded one point on that account. It is obvious that declarer will want to establish heart tricks so that he can discard his losers in the minor suits. In order to ruff out the king of hearts and return to dummy, South needs two entries to the table. Mr. Matthewson tried to create these entries by leading a small trump at the second trick and finessing dummy's 9 on the first round. East won and attacked diamonds. When the spades broke 3-1, declarer was unable to make anything of dummy's hearts and went two down. Newcastle scored only 1 point for play—a total of 4.

For Cheshire, Mrs. Topping opened One Spade on the South cards and Mr. Gordon responded One No Trump. South rebid Three Spades and North raised to Four, scoring the full 3 points for bidding.

The heart lead was directed as before, and again East won an easy point by withholding his king. Mrs. Topping did not take long to find

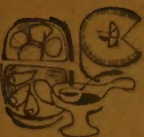
the right play as declarer: she led the jack of spades at trick 2 and ran it.

East, Mr. Henriques, won with the queen and returned the queen of diamonds. South won, entered dummy with the 9 of spades and led the Queen of hearts. East covered and South ruffed. Now declarer crossed to dummy with the third trump and discarded two of her minor suit losers on two good hearts, so making the contract by way of five spade tricks, three hearts and two aces.

Mrs. Topping's play won a further 4 points for her side and settled the match, but Cheshire had still not scored the maximum for play. In the post-mortem the players were rather slow to find the mistake that had been made. This was in defence, when declarer took the early finesse of the jack of spades. In view of the heart situation, East should have held up his queen and allowed the jack to win. That would have held declarer to 9 tricks and full points would have been scored both for attack and defence.

There was some discussion at the finish concerning North's best response to the opening One Spade. The general view was that there was little or nothing to choose between Two Spades and One No Trump.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



Two Fish Dishes

A SIMPLE BUT DELICIOUS way to cook mackerel is to bake it in the oven with vegetables. See that the fish are really fresh, with bright eyes, and have been filleted. Put layers of thinly sliced potatoes, onions, and tomatoes in a well-buttered fireproof dish, adding salt, pepper, parsley, thyme, and a bay leaf. Lay the mackerel fillets on top, just cover them with stock, and then dot with butter. Cover the dish, and cook in a slow oven for 35 minutes, remembering the cooking time starts when the oven reaches the correct temperature. If you have no lid, cooking tin-foil (which can be used more than once) makes a good cover.

If you like plaice grilled, try them with a French mustard sauce. Put 2 egg yolks, 1 teaspoon of cold water, 1 teaspoon of lemon juice, and a pinch of salt in the top of a double boiler over hot, but not boiling, water. Stir the mixture with a wooden spoon until it thickens, and then mix in a generous teaspoon of French mustard. This sauce goes well with herrings or mackerel too.

ANNE WILD

—'Shopping List' (Home Service)

Stuffed Tomatoes

There are many variations of stuffed tomatoes, and they can be a meal in themselves. Take medium-sized, firm tomatoes, wash them and cut off a thin slice from the blossom end, scoop out the centres (I find a grapefruit knife is ideal for this job), sprinkle very lightly with salt, turn them upside down, and leave them to chill thoroughly. Make a mixture of cream cheese, top of the milk, a little chopped chive, and a pinch of cayenne pepper to line them with, and then fill the cavity with chopped hard-boiled eggs, mixed with mayonnaise, and serve on a bed of watercress.

ANNE WILD—'Shopping List'

Blocking Up a Fireplace

It is sometimes convenient or advisable to block up a fireplace which one is no longer using. The first thing is to have the chimney swept, otherwise soot might in time fall into the fireplace or—and this is worse—it might work its way through the brickwork and plasterwork and give a wet or discoloured patch on the chimney breast. Old houses, in particular, are likely to suffer from this trouble.

The flue and the chimney stack will be colder than they were when there was a fire; consequently the chimney stack, which is an exposed piece of brickwork and liable to get very wet when it rains, will not dry out so readily. This may mean that water runs down into the chimney breast or into a bedroom. But matters can be helped by putting a 'capping' on the chimney pot to prevent the direct entry of rain into the flue. A convenient capping is a half-round ridge tile. If you use a piece of sheet lead, do not fix this too closely but allow an air gap so as to help the ventilation. You can also put a small ventilator in the blocked-up area of the fireplace to provide a current of air which will help to ventilate the flue and keep it dry.

The way in which you block up the fireplace itself depends on whether you want to make a permanent job or not. If you are sure you will not want to use the fireplace again, you can block it up with brickwork or blockwork, subsequently plastered over. This new work will contain a good deal of water, and you should allow it to dry out appreciably before you decorate.

Generally, however, you will want something less permanent and capable of being removed on occasions. For this there are various sheet materials that can easily be cut to fit the fireplace opening, but it is always worth while providing a fixing that will allow you to take the sheeting off occasionally to clean away any debris that may have fallen down the flue. The sheeting material should preferably be non-com-

bustible, but if it is not it should be treated with a 'fire retardant' material.

H. J. ELDRIDGE
—'Today'

Notes on Contributors

MARGERY PERHAM, C.B.E. (page 999): Lecturer in Politics, Oxford University, and Fellow in Imperial Government at Nuffield College; author (with Lionel Curtis) of *The Protectorates of South Africa*, and of *Lugard—The Years of Adventure*, etc.

B. C. BROOKES (page 1007): Senior Lecturer in Electrical Engineering, London University; editor of *Adventures in Science*; author of *Notes on the Teaching of Statistics in Schools*

GERD BUCHDAHL (page 1007): Lecturer in the Philosophy of Science, Cambridge University; formerly Lecturer in the Philosophy of Science, Melbourne University

JOHN MADDOX (page 1007): science correspondent of *The Guardian*

DAVID GREEN (page 1011): author of *Country Neighbours*, *Blenheim Palace*, and *Gardener to Queen Anne*

MAX HARRIS (page 1012): Australian critic; editor (with John Reed) of the literary magazine *Angry Penguins*, 1944-46, and of *Ern Malley's Journal*, 1952

ROBERT KEMP (page 1015): author of *The King of Scots*, *The Asset*, *The Malacca Cane*; adaptor of Sir David Lindsay's *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis* for the Edinburgh Festival

ARTHUR JACOBS (page 1018): formerly music critic of the *Evening Standard*; author of *Gilbert and Sullivan*, and *A New Dictionary of Music*

WINTON DEAN (page 1033): critic and musicologist; author of *Bizet*, *Handel's Dramatic Oratorios and Masques*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,567

'Midsummer Daydream'

By Rex

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 16. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final



Bottom's 'most rare vision' would indeed have been rare if he had seen the cricket match between two teams drawn from Shakespeare's minor characters. The names of the players appear as across lights, one of them, a lord, playing under his alias. The fifteen unclued down lights, two of them of one square only, give in Roman numerals the scores of all those who made runs. The team captained, strange to say, by a French duke, won by the odd run in a total of 827. The down clues are all Shakespearean quotations or references. (R = reversed).

CLUES—DOWN

1. He's in Arthur's — (5)
4. See 12.
5. — thee, witch (6)
8. my fame for a pot of — and safety (3)
11. The native — of resolution (3)
12. 24 and 4 by an auricular — have your satisfaction (9)
13. each thing that in — grows (6)
15. Ah, sweet Anne — I (4)
- 17R. like an ill — ed egg all on one side (5)
18. Whiter than new snow on a —'s back (5)
19. most —, strange, and unnatural (4)
22. Why should a dog, a horse, a —, have life? (3)
23. Crammed with distressful — (5)

24. See 12.
- 26R. and 34. did never — upon the swelling tide (5)
27. — her of that (4)
- 28R. his silver skin — d with his golden blood (4)
29. and 30. Our beard be shook with danger and think it — (7)
- 31R. and 37. That liberal shepherds give a — name (7)
33. make — like a wart (4)
34. See 26.
35. He took part in an Induction (3)
37. See 31.
39. Ophelia was advised to become one (3)
- 40R. Between the acres of the — (3)
41. & 42. Where be your — s now? (4)

Solution of No. 1,565

AKKORNEYATYRUS
ADDALEATENINORU
NURHAGTAMINBRAN
DNURFORHERZELLIS
OREADROASTARAIT
VAMMAGMCINURLNWA
EHERNEMAOLLEDER
HERETTERBYANONA
CREPETLOLADADOC
SETAWINNERSBOYA
ISEGOMTIBETELTL
LOLABOFTOWREARO
BLENHEIMRAITNIP
JASRICLUBRAYOGII
BRMONDERYPERLON

NOTE

The twenty-one unclued lights were the names of former Derby winners.

1st prize: Miss M. Walton (Winchester); 2nd prize: R. A. Wildash (Sanderstead); 3rd prize: F. J. Berry (Bromley)

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